The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 43 NO. 8 Lessons for November AUGUST 1956

Home

Catherine E. Berry

Wherever you were born, that land shall be
Home to your heart—beside the rolling sea,
In mountain country or the wandering plain,
A part of it shall stay with you, remain
To color sunrise or the day's bright close;
Your mind can feel it there, emotion knows
No other background that can give you peace,
That sure sense of belonging, heart's release.
If you should wander far from climbing hills,
Or from a rock-bound coast where water spills
The foam of mounting waves upon the sand,
If you should leave the rolling, green-spread land,
No matter where you go, it follows you,
Like treasured dreams forever breaking through
The round of time, and you will feel the lack,
The haunting need of it that calls you back.

The Cover: Havel River, Berlin, Germany
Photograph from Verkehrsamt, Berlin
Submitted by Mary E. Gregory.

Frontispiece Photograph: Aspen Mirror Lake, Utah
Photograph by Hal Rumel

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

I read the *Magazine* with interest from cover to cover and love it. Of all the magazines, it is, to me, the best.

—Mrs. Amy Bennett
Virginia, Idaho

I have received many nice gifts from home since I have been in the Philippine Islands, but I must say my *Relief Society Magazine* is one of the nicest. . . . A feeling of closeness has been maintained by my mother in Ogden, Utah, and myself through our *Magazine*. She reads it, underlines articles and poems, and sends it on to me.

—Mrs. Jenice Lauritsen
Philippine Islands

I would like to write just a few lines to tell how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. My cousins send it to me every month, and I think it is a grand book. Also, although I am of the Church of England, I think you are a very fine, grand people. The *Magazine* is passed on from one to another this way, and everyone finds a special piece in it. My people have been on missions and stayed with me. They live in Utah and are named Wagstaff.

—Miss Marie A. Stanford
Broadstairs, Kent, England

I received the March copy of *The Relief Society Magazine* which you sent. . . . Thanks very much. I have enjoyed the *Magazine* for many years. Have been in Salt Lake City since 1946 with Augusta Lundsted, a cousin of my husband. She is in very poor health, so can't be alone and is getting along in years also, eighty-four years in May. From an old sister in the gospel.

—Brita E. Lundgren
Salt Lake City, Utah

For years I have enjoyed reading our fine *Magazine*. I am particularly happy that it is purse-size, because it has thus filled many a waiting hour with just the faith-firing thought I needed just then.

—Verla R. Hull
Ogden, Utah

Thanks so much for a wonderful *Magazine*. We receive one for each branch and have many articles and items of interest translated for the sisters. They enjoy them very much and feel much closer to their sisters in other parts of the world through the *Magazine*.

—Hortense B. Robinson
President Finnish Mission
Relief Society
Helsinki, Finland

I have been a subscriber to the *Magazine* many years and certainly enjoy reading it, although my left eye is growing quite dim. I was the age of ninety years last October 15, 1955, and my son Ivan and wife Myrtle gave me an open house party. I am the only living child of Cyrus H. Wheelock, the man who was a great missionary for the Church both abroad and in America and was acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and also his brother Hyrum. He saw them the day they were killed.

—Maud Wheelock Farnsworth
Orem, Utah

I wish to thank Elder and Mrs. Elizaeth Hagen, Woods Cross, for *The Relief Society Magazine* they are sending me. I am very grateful to them. We are receiving much pleasure and instruction from studying each number. I enjoy attending the Latter-day Saints services here.

—Mrs. Sophie Harsch
Nauvoo, Illinois

I couldn't do without this wonderful *Magazine*. I have never been without it since I became a member of the Church sixteen years ago. I love the lessons, the poetry, and the wonderful stories. I certainly wouldn't want to miss an issue.

—Gladys M. Rutledge
Olympia, Washington

I enjoyed and appreciated the *Magazine* while in Illinois with my airborne husband very much. So as not to miss any of the beautiful covers or stimulating and faith-promoting inside pages, would you please note the change of address.

—Mrs. Paul R. Petersen
Provo, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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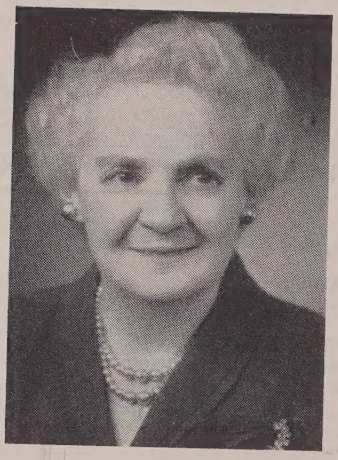
PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone EMpire 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The **Magazine** is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The **Magazine** is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.



EMMA RAY McKAY

IRENE SMITH MERRILL RICHARDS

Messages From the Wives of the General Authorities of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

BECAUSE of many accomplishments achieved by Relief Societies while Church edifices are being built, I wish to commend all you wonderful women who spend many days, weeks, and months in helpful service, painting, preparing new buildings for use, cooking and serving banquets, and taking on added responsibility in the home while husbands are working on projects. May our Heavenly Father bless you with especially good health to endure this sublime service.

—Emma Ray McKay (Mrs. David O. McKay)

THROUGHOUT the land, Relief Society women impart a refining influence with their kindness, happiness, and love.

My Grandmother, having raised one child, spent her long life serving in Relief Society and doing temple work.

Mother, blessed with fourteen, stayed close at home. Some women have accomplished both tasks.

May we each fill our niche admirably.

—Irene Smith Merrill Richards (Mrs. Stephen L Richards)

MESSAGES and pictures of the wives of two of the General Authorities are not presented in this special feature.

Luacine Savage Clark, wife of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., died August 2, 1944. Relief Society was one of Sister Clark's major interests from the time she was eighteen. She used her many fine leadership abilities and other talents freely in Relief Society service. She is remembered as the author of an operetta, of poems, and delightful stories for children.

Edith Grant Young, wife of Elder Clifford E. Young, Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, passed away August 20, 1947. Sister Young, a daughter of President Heber J. Grant, was well known for her beautiful voice and musical abilities which she was always willing to use for the service and enjoyment of others. She was a loyal supporter of the women's work of the Church.

WHILE in the Far East the summer of 1955, I was astonished to discover the great activity of our sisters of the Relief Society. I attended their meetings and was greatly pleased with their faithfulness and joy received through their labors and studies, which at times were under adverse circumstances. I bring greetings from them to the sisters who are more favorably situated here in the stakes of Zion.

—Jessie Evans Smith
(Mrs. Joseph Fielding Smith)

THE true spirit of Relief Society touches the hearts of women, making them sisters in very deed. Possessed of this spirit, they rise above the barriers of nationality and race, social and economic position, forgetting self in the service of others, which is the service of God; indeed "Charity is the pure love of Christ."

—Fern T. Lee (Mrs. Harold B. Lee)

FOR my membership in the Relief Society organization, I am deeply grateful. The friendship with choice sisters, the opportunity for intellectual and spiritual growth through the lessons, and the privilege of service as a visiting teacher, give me joy and development and lasting satisfaction. My wish would be that every Latter-day Saint woman would avail herself of this inspired association.

—Camilla E. Kimball (Mrs. Spencer W. Kimball)

AS Relief Society members we are highly favored among women. We have the priceless blessing of the true plan of salvation. Wherever we live, under whatever conditions, the gospel is ours to live and enjoy.

Our testimony of its truth is an anchor and an inspiration. If lived according to Church direction, it will exalt us in the Celestial Kingdom. Let us all live it fully today and every day.

—Flora A. Benson (Mrs. Ezra T. Benson)

IN conducting a business it is often found that its by-products are quite as valuable as that for which it was originally planned. So with Relief Society, where many of its benefits come unnoticed and unplanned: new friends, ability to work well with others, added skills, improvement in personality.

—Emma Marr Petersen (Mrs. Mark E. Petersen)

UNSELFISHNESS is the rock upon which the work of the Relief Society is founded — the rock of charity, service, and love of others. Such a foundation can but foster love and greatness of soul in all women who are willing to partake. It fills the lives of women with its divine purpose and nobility.

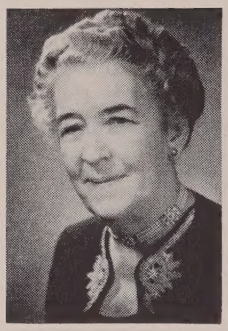
—Alberta W. Moyle (Mrs. Henry D. Moyle)

IN Relief Society we sing and pray, work and play, study and learn together. Also, we comfort the sick and help the needy. Bonds of friendship and love I hold for co-workers in Relief Society activities assure me that this organization is truly a precious gift from God to Latter-day Saint women.

—Ethel D. Stapley (Mrs. Delbert L. Stapley)

CURRENTLY newspapers and magazines carry articles dealing with adult education and psychological adjustment, particularly of women. Neither boredom nor a feeling of futility has part in the life of a Latter-day Saint woman who avails herself of the many varied opportunities for self-expression and service to others the Relief Society affords her. I am grateful indeed for my association with the women of the Church in this great organization

—Ida J. Romney (Mrs. Marion G. Romney)



Dear Sisters:

We feel the strength of your love and faith, and in you see the miracle of fine development and sweet achievement wrought by Relief Society work.

May the gospel spread from hearts to homes, from communities to countries, until it shall fill the earth with joy and peace "which passeth all understanding."

—Ina A. Richards (Mrs. LeGrand Richards)

MINERVA Young Bennion, wife of Elder Adam S. Bennion, was with her husband in Europe when the *Magazine* went to press. Sister Bennion has served many years as a faithful visiting teacher and has given her full support and loyalty to Relief Society.

THE Relief Society all over the world serves the Church and its people in the spirit of love. On the European Choir Tour last summer, we were greeted by faithful members everywhere, who impressed us with their deep devotion to the Church. It is thrilling to see how universal is the spirit of the gospel.

—Alice Thornley Evans (Mrs. Richard L. Evans)

ALWAYS ready to help in time of material need, the Relief Society is also aware that "man cannot live by bread alone." Their wonderful work in ministering to the needs of our minds and hearts deserves a special tribute. As a musician, I particularly appreciate the contribution made by the Singing Mothers to our spiritual enrichment.

—Emma Ramsey Morris (Mrs. George Q. Morris)

RELIEF Society exerts a wonderful influence on a woman's life. The hours spent in listening to the beautiful lessons and sharing in the various activities, are some of my happiest memories.

—Jeanne N. Smith (Mrs. Eldred G. Smith)

WITHIN the pages of the *Relief Society Magazine* are many treasures of the arts, which contribute much to the cultural value of our lives.

When I received the February issue of 1956, I turned over the page, and there was a beautiful, breath-taking, winter scene of Mount Olympus of the Wasatch Range.

The artistic beauty of it startled me, and I exclaimed, "Oh! how lovely!"

This was one of the choice moments of uplift for me.

—Fawn B. McKay (Mrs. Thomas E. McKay)

GREETINGS to the Relief Society Workers:

May we ever keep in mind the great responsibility placed upon the women of the Church by the Prophet Joseph Smith when he organized the Relief Society by carrying forward the purposes for which this organization came into existence. It will always be a blessing and opportunity to those who engage in it.

—Leona Ballantyne Sonne (Mrs. Alma Sonne)

IT is commendable to see so many mothers set good examples before their children in regard to the importance and sacredness of the temples and temple ordinances. We are grateful to the Relief Society sisters, including the General Presidency and the wives of the General Authorities, for their participation and interest in temple work.

—Lewella Rees Christiansen
(Mrs. ElRay L. Christiansen)

AS the very young wife of a very young bishop in a very humble ward, I discovered the beauty of Relief Society. Through the years the Relief Society has brought sweet refinement to countless women by varied lessons, and untold comfort and help to the sorrowing and needy. What a fabulous organization!

—LaRue C. Longden (Mrs. John Longden)

RELIEF SOCIETY

Its motto—"Charity Never Faileth."
Its purpose—Service.
Its endowment—Spirituality.
It trains our hearts, hands, and minds.
Hail to the greatest Sisterhood on earth!

—Zina Y. C. Brown (Mrs. Hugh B. Brown)

WE cannot estimate the great good we may each exert, if we willingly give our time and talents to furthering Relief Society. Each may find in this great program of spiritual, mental, and social development a niche in which to place her tiny candle, that its rays may mingle with those of countless sisters throughout the world, to bring a shining light of love and comfort and hope to all who see.

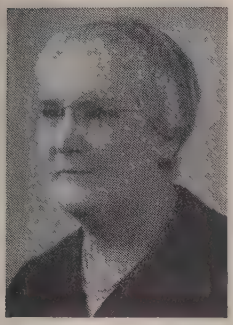
—Doris Mary Thornley Sill
(Mrs. Sterling W. Sill)

I am indebted to Sister Leslie Kendall and also to Charles Lamb for some words which apply, I think, to the Relief Society organization:

> Would that every troubled soul in these times could receive into their hearts its sweet message which breathes the very spirit of innocence, purity, and simplicity of heart; pray make yourselves acquainted with it.

We are all made better and happier by contemplating the ideals of the Relief Society organization.

—Valeria B. Young (Mrs. Levi Edgar Young)



I would like to express my appreciation to my mother for her interest in Relief Society and her instilling in me a love for the great benefits of membership in the organization.

In our ward the older women have been benefited because the young women have attended and taken part in the lessons.

—Vilate R. Ivins (Mrs. Antoine R. Ivins)

THE Relief Society has blessed many women. It has given them training in intellectual, social, and moral fields, and they have had the benefit of learning and doing, simultaneously.

Its great scope and power have made us realize that Joseph Smith was a true Prophet and Seer when he organized Relief Society at Nauvoo, in 1842.

—Ida M. Kirkham (Mrs. Oscar A. Kirkham)

REGARDLESS of your numbers or your location in the Church, you manifest the same faith, service, and devotion. Beauty and culture emanate through your group activities; blessings you shower through your visits to the sick and the homebound; mental and spiritual growth you develop through the faithful study of the lessons; and charity you manifest through your accomplishments of welfare assignments.

—Gladys P. Young (Mrs. S. Dilworth Young)

DURING the past few years it has been my privilege to work in the literary department. I feel that those sisters who study the thoughts of the world's foremost writers are able to take increased cultural and spiritual benefits into their homes. Much inspiration is derived from all phases of the Relief Society program.

—Ferne G. Hunter (Mrs. Milton R. Hunter)

IT has been my privilege to serve as a ward Relief Society president for the last four years, and I can truly say that no other organization in the world has as many spiritual and cultural opportunities to offer its women as the Relief Society, and all Latter-day Saint women who actively participate in it are greatly blessed.

—Amelia S. McConkie (Mrs. Bruce R. McConkie)

WHILE my experience in Relief Society service has been neither long nor extensive, I have deeply enjoyed it. I am grateful that I may participate in the inspired program of this wonderful organization, as my mother and grandmothers did before me, and especially that I have the privilege of being a teacher, a great blessing and an important responsibility.

—Maxine C. Hanks (Mrs. Marion D. Hanks)

WHEN our Father in heaven established the Church in these the latter days, a complete plan was instituted whereby we, as his children, could progress mentally, physically, and spiritually toward perfection. The Relief Society helps us to attain this goal.

It is a truly great organization with inspirational and stimulating lessons of the highest value to all women. For many years it has been my special privilege to be a class leader. If we could all take advantage of these wonderful opportunities for self-improvement, the abundant life could be a reality.

—Madeline B. Wirthlin
(Mrs. Joseph L. Wirthlin)

FOR almost three decades, Relief Society has helped to develop my interest in the study of our Church works, the arts, my civic responsibilities, and the significance of marriage and the home.

I have found the treasures of knowledge given there have broadened my spiritual understanding, as well as my wisdom and judgment.

—Lula J. Isaacson (Mrs. Thorpe B. Isaacson)

TO be a Latter-day Saint Relief Society member is to be a part of the greatest sisterhood in the world. The keynote of this group is unselfishness, service, and loving association. A Relief Society woman may travel far into foreign lands and find herself among strangers, but wherever she meets Relief Society sisters, she is immediately among friends with whom she has common interests and common understanding.

—Lucile Thurman Buehner
(Mrs. Carl W. Buehner)

"And I Now Turn the Key in Your Behalf"

"THIS is a charitable Society, and according to your natures . . . . You are now placed in a situation in which you can act according to those sympathies which God has planted in your bosoms.

"If you live up to these principles, how great and glorious will be your reward in the celestial kingdom! If you live up to your privileges, the angels cannot be restrained from being your associates. Females, if they are pure and innocent, can come in the presence of God; for what is more pleasing to God than innocence; you must be innocent, or you cannot come up before God: if we would come before God, we must keep ourselves pure, as He is pure . . . .

"You will receive instructions through the order of the Priesthood which God has established, through the medium of those appointed to lead, guide and direct the affairs of the Church in this last dispensation; and I now turn the key in your behalf in the name of the Lord, and this Society shall rejoice and knowledge and intelligence shall flow down from this time henceforth; this is the beginning of better days to the poor and needy, who shall be made to rejoice and pour forth blessings on your heads."

—Prophet Joseph Smith to the Relief Society, April 28, 1842,
Nauvoo, Illinois, *Documentary History of the Church*, IV, pp. 605, 607.

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL PRESIDENCY WITH GIFTS FOR THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING FROM THE AUSTRALIAN, EAST GERMAN, AND SAMOAN MISSIONS, AND THE OKINAWA DISTRICT OF THE NORTHERN FAR EAST MISSION

Above (left to right): Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, President Belle S. Spafford, and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen.

Left to right: a beautiful hand-painted plaque showing trees native to the continent of Australia; a unique lamp in the form of a ship's wheel, made of different woods with a shade painted with Australian scenes and animals; a Koala bear; and a second interesting plaque which pictures the life of the Australian aborigines.

Picture on the opposite page (left to right): President Belle S. Spafford, Counselor Marianne C. Sharp, and Counselor Velma N. Simonsen.

President Spafford holds an unusual lacquerware tray decorated with blue pearl inlay sent by the Okinawa District Relief Society of the Northern Far East Mission.

In the center is an exquisite Meissen vase, an example of the famed porcelains of Germany. The artistic vase is a gift from the Relief Society of the East German Mission.

The beautiful table in the foreground is a gift of the Samoan Mission Relief Society. It is made of five native Samoan woods, and the center of the table is formed by an intricately engraved brass tray of Fijian art.

The East German Mission

Preston R. Nibley

THE East German Mission, which comprised the provinces of Mecklenburg, Saxony, Brandenburg, Pommern, Schliesen, and East and West Prussia, was formed in August 1937, with Elder Philemon Kelly as president. President Kelly presided until January 1, 1938, when he was succeeded by Elder Alfred C. Rees. President Rees presided until July 30, 1939, when he was succeeded by Elder Thomas E. McKay.

President Joseph Fielding Smith and Mrs. Smith visited the East German Mission in July 1939 and held meetings in Konigsberg, Berlin, and Chemnitz.

Ominous threats of the great World War II, in August 1939, caused the First Presidency to request that all American missionaries should leave the East German and West German Missions. The supervision of their exodus, of their gathering at Copenhagen, Denmark, and their subsequent return to the United States, was the task of President Joseph Fielding Smith, who established headquarters at Copenhagen.

During the great war, which broke out in all its fury in September 1939, the activities of the East German Mission were directed by Thomas E. McKay, by correspondence from Salt Lake City.

By Ewing Galloway, New York

ZWINGER NATIONAL GALLERY OF PAINTINGS
DRESDEN, SAXONY, EAST GERMANY

By Ewing Galloway, New York

STATUE OF GOETHE AND SCHILLER,
WEIMAR, EAST GERMANY

At the close of the war, Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve, visited Berlin, as a representative of the Church, in March 1946. His work was largely that of bringing relief to the suffering members of the Church, many of whom were behind "the Iron Curtain."

In November 1946, the East German Mission was again organized, with Elder Walter Stover of Salt Lake City as president. He established headquarters in Berlin and began the work of reconstructing the mission, amidst the ruins of war. Eight districts were formed: Erzgebirge, Zwickau, Berlin, Thueringen, Dresden, Leipzig, Schwerin, and Chemnitz. Much difficulty was experienced by President Stover in visiting the members in the Russian Zone.

President Stover was released in June 1951 and was succeeded by Elder Arthur Glaus. President Glaus was succeeded in November 1953 by Elder Herold L. Gregory, who presides at the present time. Ninety-seven Relief Society organizations were reported in December 1955, with 3,727 members. Mary Ethel E. Gregory presides over the East German Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* is a view of the Havel River, Berlin, Germany. See also "Recipes From the East German Mission," page 528.

The Gift of Love

Rosa Lee Lloyd

PEGGY Rockwood put a heaping bowl of cereal in front of her little son, seven-year-old Juddy, and listened while his daddy questioned him as they drank their fruit juice.

"What would you like for your birthday next week, Juddy? Name anything less than a ride to the moon and we'll consider it."

Juddy swallowed hard and put his spoon down without tasting his cereal.

"Two things!" he said fiercely. "Two things I can't have!"

"Hey, fellow!" Bill chided him. "Don't be a defeatist. How do you know you can't have them before you ask for them?"

"I know," he repeated. "I know I can't."

His little chin squared off stubbornly, but not before Peggy had seen his lip quiver and his eyes blink hard. Her blue eyes shadowed tenderly as she shook her head at her husband. He must not scold Juddy now. She had known that something was troubling him, but she realized that scolding him or teasing him would only make him freeze up and keep his secret from them.

"All right, Son," Bill agreed. "You can tell your mother later. Right now let's see if I can eat more cereal than you can. Yesterday you beat me. Remember?"

Juddy picked up his spoon, smiling at his dad.

They are so much alike, Peggy thought, her heart swelling with love for them. They had the same smooth brown hair, pensive brown eyes and wistful, sensitive mouths contradicting the firm square line of their chins. They were all she had in the world, because her parents had both been killed when she was three and there were no aunts or uncles or grandparents, only an insurance policy that paid for her at the Service Center until she was old enough to make her own way. Then she had met Bill and he was an orphan, too. No wonder having each other and Juddy was always a miracle to them.

After breakfast Juddy took his football out to the back garden, and Peggy watched him from the kitchen window. He waved gaily as Bill backed the car out of the garage and headed for the highway. Then he slumped down in a dejected heap on the lawn and stared wistfully at the big house next door.

JUDDY had been very lonesome since his little friend Warren Hodge from across the street had gone to visit his grandmother in Colorado.

Watching him now, Peggy was quite sure she knew one of the things he would like for his birthday. That was to roller skate around the wide veranda that encircled the big house. Mrs. LaRue's house, with its southern architecture, its draped windows, had a wide, inviting veranda that none of the other houses on Hill Street could afford; the kind where guests strolled in the purple twilight before one of Mrs. LaRue's famous Newburgh dinners; the kind of veranda a little boy would dearly love to whiz around on his roller skates.

But, of course, Peggy told herself, with a proud lift of her short-clipped blond head, she couldn't permit Juddy to ask Mrs. LaRue if he could skate on her veranda the way he did before she moved in last spring. You simply couldn't ask a woman like Mrs. LaRue for a favor, especially when she had treated him as though he must not intrude in her life of parties and long week ends with her guests from all over the world.

Peggy nibbled her lip as she put the breakfast dishes back in the cabinet and thought about Mrs. LaRue and her big house.

It was an old house, Bill had told her, built about thirty years ago by the Cornwall family who had later moved to California. It was the only house on Hill Street for many years, until a real estate company built a row of modest little houses on each side of it, and she and Bill had bought one of them last spring. The big house had then been vacant and Juddy had had a grand time roller skating on the veranda. He had come to think of it as belonging to him.

Bill had forbidden him to skate on the sidewalks and streets because they were too steep and the traffic was very heavy on the crossroad below. The path around their own house was graveled, so there was now no place for him to skate, since Mrs. LaRue had bought the house.

Peggy remembered how she and Juddy had watched the men unload the huge vans of furniture. Then a car had come with the servants, and a week later Mrs. LaRue herself had arrived.

Peggy's lips folded in as she thought of her first sight of her new neighbor. Juddy had been on the curb, and she had been sitting on her own front steps when Mrs. LaRue drove up alone in her lengthy blue and cream-colored convertible. Her dress had been blue, too, the color of the car, and her stole was honey-dyed mink. Peggy thought, as she glanced quickly away, that her hair was too black and her mouth too red and her skin too satin-smooth—as though she was afraid to smile for fear it would crack.

However Juddy had smiled at Mrs. LaRue and run toward her, impulsively.

"Hello," he had called, his eyes beaming friendliness. "I'm Juddy. I live over there. That's my mother on the steps."

Mrs. LaRue had turned to look at him, but her hand had gone nervously to her throat.

"Oh, no!" she had said almost to herself. "I didn't think there would be children living close."

Then she looked at Peggy and tried to smile.

"I only meant . . . ." her voice stumbled. "Well — I really don't know what I meant. Please forgive me. I'm very tired."

SHE had hurried into the house and Juddy had run to his mother and thrown his arms around her. His eyes had been dark question marks as he looked up to her.

"She's tired," Peggy had soothed him. "Maybe she has driven a long way."

"But I liked her," he insisted. "I liked her face."

What could Juddy see to like about her face? Peggy had asked herself.

"Why?" she had questioned him, pressing his head against her breast.

"Because she has a sorry face," he had answered, slowly. "It made me sorry, too."

"A sorry face," she had repeated wonderingly. Juddy often hit upon the very word to describe something that eluded her.

"I wish she liked me, Mama," he added over a sigh.

"You must make her like you, Juddy," she had told him. "You must show her you can be a good neighbor by staying in your own yard until you are invited over there. And don't yell when you are near her windows. When you meet her give her a friendly smile, but don't try to make her notice you. Just be a good little boy and she will like you in time."

But a month had gone by and still Mrs. LaRue hadn't been friendly to Juddy nor to her or Bill. And there were times when Peggy was sure that Mrs. LaRue deliberately turned her head away when she saw Juddy playing in the driveway.

"We won't bother her," Peggy had told Bill.

But they were unhappy to have a close neighbor who avoided them.

NOW Peggy looked out of the window again, but she couldn't see Juddy anywhere. She shrugged her shoulders determinedly. She must not worry about him so much.

No, Peggy thought again, they couldn't live Juddy's life for him, but they could give him a happier life than either she or Bill had had, a life filled with love and surrounded by happy people. It bothered her because Juddy wanted, so terribly, for Mrs. LaRue to like him.

She felt anger mounting in her. What did Juddy see in Mrs. LaRue that made him so eager to have her notice him? She and Bill had always hovered over him and guarded him and tried to give him everything a little boy could want. But, lately, nothing they did seemed to answer a longing in him.

Peggy was dusting the figurines on the mantle when the front doorbell rang. She smoothed her apron and hurried to answer it.

She caught her breath sharply. Juddy, looking guilty and pale, was standing there beside Mrs. LaRue who was holding his football in both hands! Her blue satin housecoat was buttoned crookedly as though she had put it on in a hurry. There was a great smear of dirt across the housecoat as though she had been pulled through a mudpuddle!

"He was out there in the street," she said tightly. "I saw him from my window. He shouldn't play in the street. You should know better. A car was coming so I ran and pushed him."

"She fell down," Juddy added in a small voice.

Mrs. LaRue's lips trembled and she bent her head.

Peggy squeezed her eyes shut. Juddy had been playing in the street! She reached yearningly for him.

"How awful!" she breathed. "I thought he was in the back yard."

The two women looked at each other. She's all shaken up, Peggy thought, with a twinge. That was a bad fall.

"He might've been killed," Mrs. LaRue choked. "Don't you young

mothers realize how dangerous it is?"

Peggy couldn't breathe as she stared at Mrs. LaRue whose darkly beautiful eyes were deep with fear and shock.

Juddy lifted his hand and brushed the dirt from her housecoat. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "I only went after my football. It bounced when I ran."

"Juddy!" Peggy scolded. "Your Daddy will be very cross. You know you're not to skate or play in the street!"

"Daddy said not to *skate* in the street," he protested.

Mrs. LaRue looked down at him, reproachfully, but there was something in her eyes almost like flowers growing under ice.

"If you have to skate . . ." her voice loosened a little, "you can use my veranda in the mornings. Anytime from eight till twelve. You'll be safe there."

Juddy's eyes were almost too big for his face.

"Gee, thanks!" he grinned. "Thanks, Mrs. LaRue. You're real nice."

Before Peggy could thank her, Mrs. LaRue brushed past Juddy and hurried down the steps, but his eyes followed her until she had disappeared through her front door.

PEGGY felt weak and trembly as she went slowly back into the house and took down Juddy's skates from the high shelf in the closet. How could she ever repay Mrs. LaRue? What could she do for a woman who had everything in the world and didn't need the friendliness of her neighbors? Peggy was determined to show her gratitude to her. Maybe if she baked a pie or one of her real fancy jelly cakes, it might be acceptable. Then she remembered that Mrs. LaRue had a cook and a maid and was noted for her delicious dinners.

But Juddy didn't question what he could do to show his appreciation. Peggy watched from the window as he put the skates on the lawn beside the rose arbor. Then he reached up and picked the prettiest pink rosebuds and, carefully holding them in his little hand, he walked determinedly up to Mrs. LaRue's front door and rang the bell.

Peggy turned away from the window, squeezing back the tears. She couldn't bear it if Mrs. LaRue refused the roses or sent him away without a word or even a smile.

But a few minutes later she heard the rhythmic grind of his roller skates as he whizzed around the veranda, and it was music in her heart. She must think of some way to show Mrs. LaRue how grateful she was.

THE summer days sped by. Juddy skated in the mornings and played in his own back yard in the afternoon with the neighbor children. Peggy waited patiently for him to talk about Mrs. LaRue and how she liked the flowers he took her each morning, but he didn't mention her. He seemed to have a precious secret that he didn't share with anyone.

She and Bill decided to respect his silence, but Wednesday when they were having sandwiches and milk together at noon, she asked, as though the thought had just occurred to her: "Shall we invite Mrs.

LaRue to your birthday party Friday?"

Juddy took a bite and chewed it a long time. Thoughtfully.

"Let me ask her, Mama," he said at last. "She talks to me now. Every morning. But she might be busy that day," he added with a deep frown.

The next night Peggy was surprised to hear him crying in his bedroom. Bill had gone in to say goodnight and hear his prayers and she had heard them talking in low tones and then Juddy began to cry.

After awhile Bill came out with his brows puzzled together and his mouth pulled down into that funny way when something disturbed him.

"Beats me!" he sighed, lounging in the chair beside her. "I can't understand my own son. There's something on his mind, Peg. But he won't tell me. Do you know what it is?"

Peggy shook her head. "No, I don't, Bill. I'd tell you if I did. He's been so happy the past weeks skating on the veranda."

"Yeah. He loves that. But there's something else. When I listened to his prayers — well — guess what he said? He told the Lord he didn't need any toys or new clothes for his birthday. Then he said that the Lord already knew what he really needed because he'd asked for it all summer."

Peggy's eyes met Bill's. "What could he want that's so important?" she questioned. "What does he need that we can't give him?"

Bill unwound his long legs and stood up.

"Beats me!" he repeated. "I'll bring home something for his party tomorrow. Say! Do you think he might want a pet of some kind? A puppy or a kitten or even a snake?"

Peggy shook her head, smiling. "No. He said it was something we couldn't get for him."

BY three o'clock the next afternoon the garden was crowded with children who had come to Juddy's party.

Peggy thought she had never heard such a rowdy group. She glanced apprehensively at Mrs. LaRue's windows, hoping the noise wouldn't bother her too much.

"We'll cut the cake early and serve the ice cream," she told Alice who had come to help her. "That will quiet them."

Alice smiled back in her knowing way.

"For awhile," she said. "You can't stop a whirlwind, Peg."

"No," Peggy agreed as she watched the tumbling boys showing off to the little girls who squealed with delight. "But we can stuff them so full they can't squeal."

"What time is Bill coming?" Alice asked.

"Any time now," she answered. "I hope he's here when Juddy opens his presents — oh, here he is now. Hi, there, Mr. Rockwood. You're just in time for the main event. Help us get them toned down so we can serve."

Bill tossed his hat on a chair and took a whistle from his pocket. His eyes sparked up.

"Dave Grant at the office gave me this to use this afternoon. Said he always uses one at his children's parties."

He gave a long shrill whistle, then

two short ones, and the children turned to listen.

"All of you sit down on the lawn," Peggy called. "Because we don't have enough chairs . . . ."

Her voice trailed off and she stood there silent with astonishment. Mrs. LaRue was walking down the graveled path. She looked lovely in a white linen dress with a tiny bunch of flowers pinned at her waist. Her dark eyes had a bright new glow, and her lips curved gently as she smiled at them all.

She doesn't have a sorry face any more, Peggy thought.

"Come in," Peggy finally spoke, hurrying to Mrs. LaRue, catching her hands in her own. "Juddy will be so pleased."

Peggy looked around the garden for him, but he was already leaping toward Mrs. LaRue.

"Here, Daddy, come quick!" he called. "Here's a surprise for us on my birthday."

The children sat very still, looking at Mrs. LaRue as Juddy took her hand and pulled her gently inside the garden.

"I hope you won't mind," she smiled at Peggy and Bill. "You see — Juddy told me what he wanted most for his birthday. So I told him if I decided to come I would make his wish come true."

She bit her lip and drew a deep breath. Peggy felt her own heart beating up in her throat.

Mrs. LaRue's voice was low and sweet like a lullaby.

"Juddy has been praying for a grandmother," she said. "So I have come to tell him that I will be his grandmother."

The garden was suddenly hushed in a kind of quiet glory. Peggy heard the distant whistle of the four o'clock train in the valley below.

Bill cleared his throat, and she heard him say in a husky voice: "That's mighty nice of you, Mrs. LaRue. We surely do appreciate it and everything else you've done for Juddy."

"We surely do," Peggy managed. "We'll always love you for it."

Juddy beamed up at Mrs. LaRue. "See?" he said. "I told you they would. I told you they needed me to have a grandmother like Warren and all the others have. Boy! Am I lucky!"

Mrs. LaRue touched his head. "I'm lucky, too, Juddy," she murmured. "I have a nice warm feeling that I haven't had for many years. Not since . . . ."

Her eyes met theirs with a brave steadiness. "Not since I lost my own little son in an accident on the highway. I couldn't bear to look at children after that. It hurt so. But Juddy made me notice him. He wouldn't give up."

Peggy bent her head. She was so ashamed because she had misjudged Mrs. LaRue. That's what happens, she thought, her throat aching, when you merely look at the outside of people and don't know what is in their hearts. But Juddy had seen into her heart and loved her.

"Now look," Bill was suggesting, in his deep, capable voice, "Juddy, it's your birthday so you can cut your cake."

"Not me," he shouted, reaching for Mrs. LaRue. "I want everyone to see my grandmother cut my cake. Boy, does she cut the big pieces! You'll see, Daddy. She knows what kids like!"

Vacation Mecca on the Rio Grande

Nell Murbarger

ONE of the newest and least known of our nation's playgrounds, Big Bend National Park, lifts above the dry plains of Western Texas like a miracle island in a sea of grass. Slashed by deep, spectacular gorges, softened by flower-filled canyons, and shaded by the bold summits of the Chisos Mountains, here is a vacationer's land of delight!

More than four centuries have passed since Cabeza de Vaca became the first white man of modern times to look upon this strange mountain empire along the Rio Grande, but only in recent years has the Big Bend country become readily accessible to motorists. Chief factor contributing to that end was the paving of State Route 227, leading south to the park from U. S. Highway 90, at Marathon. After dipping and winding for eighty miles through a rough, volcanic region, Route 227 reaches its southern terminus in a scenic, pleasantly wooded cove, at the foot of high Casa Grande Peak. In addition to park administrative offices, here are provided a few tourist cottages, a postoffice, store, cafe, gasoline station, and campground — a road's end cluster of buildings which represents the largest settlement in a land area larger than Massachusetts! Even more remarkable is the fact that only rods from the village lies the borderland of a wild empire virtually unchanged from the time of the exploring Spaniard Cabeza de Vaca — an area still picturesque and unspoiled by civilization.

Situated in a great elbow of the Rio Grande, 300 miles southeast of El Paso, Big Bend National Park ranges in altitude from 2000 feet on the river flats to more than a mile and a half above sea level in the Chisos, and even midsummer finds temperatures singularly pleasant in the headquarters area and higher elevations — the mercury seldom rising above eighty-seven degrees. In winter, the Big Bend country enjoys the advantages of a latitudinal position nearly 400 miles farther south than Los Angeles; and although flurries of snow may fall on the highest summits, temperatures in the middle-to-lower elevations remain pleasantly warm, with healthful dry air and bright sunshine.

Next to climatic factors, one of the chief matters to consider in choosing a suitable vacation spot is the question of keeping occupied —the business of "what to do?"

In that connection, it seems only fair to issue a word of warning: the Big Bend is still undeveloped along lines of both plushy elegance and hurdy-gurdy cheapness. Persons whose vacationing pleasure depends upon luxurious accommodations and proximity to golf courses, dance halls, moving picture theatres, and midway-type amusements, will find other resort areas more to their liking.

Conversely, those whose greatest vacationing pleasure lies in the association with nature, in hiking, horseback riding, amateur exploring, sightseeing, photography, and plain, ordinary relaxing in an atmosphere of peace and quiet, will find

Nell Murbarger

LOOKING DOWN JUNIPER CANYON FROM TOTEM ROCK, BIG BEND NATIONAL PARK, TEXAS

here an all-season vacation land unlike any other in the United States.

SURE-footed saddle horses are available for rent at reasonable rates, and from the vicinity of headquarters, a network of safe-hiking and horseback trails fans out through beautifully wooded canyons to many places of interest and spectacular viewpoints. One such trail (restricted to hikers) leads to Totem Rock, near the high, exposed summit of Lost Mine Peak; another foot and horse trail leads to "The Window," a perpendicular rock slit commanding a view of thousands of acres of wild land on both sides of the Rio Grande. Persons ambitious enough to undertake a full-day's horseback ride will find a worthy destination in the South Rim; while packmules and burros are available for overnight, or even more extensive trips.

Nature lovers in almost every category will find any of these trips productive of myriad delights. Quail

and wild doves add their plaintive notes to the wild concert led by mockingbirds and warblers, and the patient bird watcher even may be favored by the sight of a rare hooded oriole or blue-throated hummingbird. More than 200 species of birds have been catalogued here. March to June finds a dozen species of cactuses flaunting their vivid blooms on rocky knolls; April is the month when Spanish daggers (yuccas) lift their spikes of creamy white bells; and with June and July, the tall heads of the century plants burst into golden glory — their flower stems several times taller than a man! Even late autumn finds the canyons a massed delight of wild flowers and ferns. Forest trees found in the park include Arizona cypress, Douglas fir, Ponderosa and Mexican pinion pines, alligator-barked, and weeping junipers, Texas madrones, maples, and several species of oaks, and, in these environs, more than sixty species of animals make their homes.

Inviting one-day side trips easily accessible in the family car, include a thirty-five-mile jaunt to Santa Elena Canyon, where the Rio Grande winds tortuously through a gorge, eighteen miles in length, with rock walls rising sheerly on either side to heights as much as a quarter of a mile above the river! One wall of this fantastic gorge stands in Mexico — the other in the United States. A short way down river is Boquillas Canyon, of comparable depth; and Mariscal, deepest and most spectacular of three river-hewn slits.

En route to Santa Elena Canyon, the autoist may include side jaunts to the old ghost towns of Terlingua and Study Butte. For more than fifty years one of the nation's major sources of mercury, Terlingua once boasted the largest population of any mining town in Texas. Only a few old buildings and mine dumps remain. Another interesting side trip may be made into the Grapevine Hills, a weird region of balanced rocks, picturesque stone formations, and strangely eroded spires.

Other points of interest in the park include a fossil deposit which has yielded a wide variety of prehistoric marine life, including oysters thirty inches in length, clams four feet across, and a forty-five-foot stone crocodile.

Long before the coming of American explorers and settlers, superstitious Spanish folk had applied to these mountains the name "Chisos," meaning "phantoms" or "ghosts." Although doubtless inspired by the long, gauzy, cloud streamers, which so often wrap about the rock-crowned summit of Casa Grande Peak, it isn't at all difficult to invest that word with a meaning less materialistic.

After spending a few days and nights in this still, brooding land of great heights and dark depths, it becomes strangely easy to imagine a figure of the long-ago shuffling along the Lost Mine trail, or sitting under the friendly pines looking out across the jumbled wilderness of the Sierra del Carmen to the distant mountains of Mexico, ranged tier upon blue tier. Neither is it difficult to imagine the former inhabitant watching the serrated peaks as sunset clothes them in crimson and gold, soon blended to royal purple and darkened, at last, to a soft robe of midnight velvet.

Leland Van Wagoner

JET TRACINGS ON THE SKY

Written at Sunset

Dorothy J. Roberts

At noon your jet is but a roar·
Ripping the hazy atmosphere
As you in gleaming metal soar
Beyond this note that knifes the ear;

Now visible your valor shines
At sunset, climbing sky's blue hill,
In two long, fleecy golden lines
Written by your silver quill.

Here fathoms under you I stand
Trying to trace your craft that sings,
That writes in promise above the land
And guards tomorrow with its wings.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, August 1, and August 15, 1896

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

ADVANCEMENT: To all well-balanced minds, woman is particularly adapted, fitted, and is it too much to say, fore-ordained to the sacred calling of nurse and accoucheur. If any member of a family is sick who does the nursing? Whose gentle hand soothes the aching, tossing head? Who binds up the cuts and scratches, or perchance the more serious wounds and bruises? . . . Then let us ask, who should study and inform themselves most thoroughly upon the intricate principles of medicine, and the more simple and natural laws of nursing?

—H.

RELIEF SOCIETY IN TEASDALE, WAYNE COUNTY (UTAH): Although we are so far away from your beautiful city, and only few in numbers, yet we enjoy the spirit of the Lord in our meetings, and are trying to do our duty and adhere to the counsel given to us, in storing up grain, and studying the Lectures on Faith and storing our minds with good and useful knowledge, and trying to live as becomes Latter-day Saints and mothers in Israel. I am pleased to say we are a united little band of sisters here in Teasdale.

—Mary E. Adams, President
Teasdale Relief Society

MEDITATION

My soul has gone forth in its wandering,
To the hills that are purple with light;
Those temples that tower everlasting,
In their majesty, grandeur and might.
And I list to the voices eternal,
That have sung thro' the ages of time,
And I bask in the visions supernal,
That lift me to regions sublime . . . .

—E. B. W.

CALIFORNIA WOMEN A POWER: Some of the best thinkers and most logical of women have come into California, and are becoming a power. I think there is not a "stupid woman" in the State. Some are eminently "clever" in the sense which, among English folk, denotes intellectual strength and ability to express it. At this writing the State Woman Suffrage Association and the Equal Rights League of San Francisco are in Convention in Union Square Hall.

—Nellie Blessing Eyster

MEMORIAL FOR HANNAH T. KING: Memorial Day for the late Sister Hannah T. King, poet and author, was observed on July 30 ult. at the residence of Mrs. John Alford, who had made special preparations for the occasion and sent out cards of invitation for 4 p.m. A most delicious repast was served in the happiest style. At each plate was a handsome double card tied with lavender ribbon, each one containing a verse from the Psalms of which Sister King was so fond. The table and the parlors, in fact were artistically decorated with flowers and vines . . . . After dinner the ladies each paid a beautiful tribute to the gifted, departed friend . . . . the guests were Mesdames Horne, Kimball, Spencer, Smith, Grieves, Howe, Woodmansee, Brockbank, McFarlane, Richards and Wells.

—News Note

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

IN London, on the Embankment, we asked a British "bobby" a question. He replied very courteously and added, "Like to see the Queen? She'll be driving by any moment now. Right over there is a good place to stand." We waited. Soon the policeman signaled another in the distance and the Queen's car rounded the corner. Elizabeth is more beautiful than her photographs — very graceful and relaxed, dainty, feminine. She is a radiant person; yet, as her subjects desire her to be, she is "every inch a queen," a genuinely regal person. Britons take great pride in her.

BRITAIN'S Princess Royal (the late Queen Mary's daughter, Princess Mary), as Chancellor of the University of Leeds, in May, conferred honorary degrees upon several notable people. Among them was Mrs. R. S. Pandit, High Commissioner for India in London, and Indian Ambassador to Ireland, who received a Doctor of Laws degree. The Princess said that universities must always remain removed, but not too far removed, from the forum and the market place, the office and the workshop. The commonwealth of the universities should be world-wide and should know no curtains.

A Swedish doctor was puzzled because the wound of a housewife did not close. The woman told him that was so because a cooking flavoring or essence had run into the wound. The doctor began to investigate. American physicians took up the problem. Result, the discovery of Dicumarol and Dicumarin, which thin blood clots and are used in treating phlebitis and some coronary troubles.

MARGERY S. STEWART, well-known contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, and Eunice V. Buck are the authors of *Strange Babies*, a beautifully illustrated adventure book for children, recently published by Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho.

CAPTAIN GIOCONDA SARANIERO is the first woman to attain the rank of captain in the United States Navy Medical Corps. She is now with the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery in Washington, D. C.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to: Mary Barrett Hendry, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-nine; Mrs. Louisa Draper, Moroni, Utah, ninety-two; Mrs. Mary Jane Williams Clifford, Brigham City, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Martha C. Anderson, Salt Lake City, ninety.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 43 AUGUST 1956 NO. 8

The Priceless Gift of Peace

ON the evening before the crucifixion, the Savior stood in the midst of his eleven faithful disciples who had unswervingly followed him for about three years, albeit with little understanding of his role as the Savior of the world. Heavy with impending events waiting for fulfillment, Jesus looked upon those whom the Father had given him out of the world and in love bestowed a parting gift on them—a gift which awaits each one today, if he will but accept it.

While still one with them, Christ promised:

> Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid (John 14:27).

As with all gifts from the eternal worlds, this gift must be earned to be possessed, but it is offered freely to all. Every Latter-day Saint woman may possess this peace deep in her soul, which will constantly guide her through the shoals of everyday living to a rock-fast haven in which she guards her knowledge of the love of her Eternal Father for her, and of the mission of his Son, her Savior. Through righteous living, she may comfort herself with the words and live the injunction, ". . . Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Although the atomic age has brought a new fear into hearts, and peace in the human soul is badly needed, women of all times and ages in the world's history have been tried and tested, and the blessing of peace has always been of greatest value.

A wife and mother is at times sorely tried. When disagreements and misunderstandings arise, her emotions and feelings may become almost desperate. It is then she should recall the words of the Savior promising her peace, and pray and work with herself. When she humbles herself and takes the guidance of the spirit—then this gift floods her being and her heart becomes calm and unafraid. If a Latter-day Saint woman takes the time, when her feelings are sore, to sit down and read the scriptures, that also helps to bring calmness to her. Peace again may be banished from her heart when sickness strikes her family; however, by recalling the words of the Savior in his great hour of anguish, ". . . not my will, but thine, be done" (Luke 22:42), and by placing implicit faith in the Lord, leaving the outcome to him, a woman may regain peace within her soul.

What mother is there that does not need the "peace . . . which passeth all understanding" as she tries to lead her children in the path of righteousness? It is a fact that when a mother's heart is worried

and troubled, when household cares press heavily upon her, and other responsibilities almost overwhelm her, then her actions and words will reflect the state of her inward feelings for ". . . out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. 12:34). Think of the difference in the words of advice from a mother whose heart is full of uncertainty, fear, worry, and dissatisfaction, with the guiding words which come from a mother whose heart is untroubled, unafraid, and at peace.

Such a wise mother looks beyond her anxieties of the moment, household pressures, and multiplicity of duties, to keep ever foremost in her heart the great goal of an eternal marriage and the eternity of family relationships dependent upon righteous living. Living for this goal, the gift of peace radiates within her soul.

—M. C. S.

Grandfather's Wagon

Enola Chamberlin

Here is Grandfather's wagon
In which he crossed the plains.
It weathered the drought of the desert,
It weathered the mountain rains.

But with houses crowding together,
It is only in the way—
How long can the wagon weather
The indifference of today?

Quilt Pattern: Star of Faith

Maude Rubin

Moving slowly through bright skeins of silk
Her hands make careful choice,
Then briefly rest on treasured fabric—
A wedding tie, a satin gown,
A yellowed baby robe . . .
The years have hurried past like thoughts at night.
As fears dissolve, their glow intensifies.
Kaleidoscope of colors on her knees
Brightens this mouse-gray twilight.
Now choosing golden thread, tired fingers
Work one last design
Five-pointed, unwavering.

Recipes From the East German Mission

Submitted by Mary Ethel E. Gregory

Leg of Veal (Kalbshaxe) Steamed and Fried

1 leg of veal

Rub the leg of veal well with salt and let stand one-half hour. Prepare, in the meantime, the broth for the boiling of the leg.

Ingredients for Broth

vinegar to suit taste
water
1 carrot sliced
1 onion
lemon rind
1 root of parsley
1 bay leaf
3 cloves
6 peppercorns

In a saucepan put water and vinegar to suit taste, add the sliced carrot, onion, parsley root, bay leaf, cloves, peppercorns, and lemon rind. Place the leg of veal in the sauce and see that it is well covered. Boil it until it is tender. Lift the leg of veal from boiling broth, and rinse in clear cold water and dry well. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and coat with egg and bread crumbs. Fry on both sides in butter until it is light brown.

Bavarian Cabbage Rolls
(Bayrische Krautwickel)

1 head cabbage
¾ lb. beef, ground
¼ lb. pork, ground
2 eggs
flour (enough to bind)
pepper
salt
chopped onion
lemon rind
butter or margarine

Take the biggest leaves from the cabbage (one for each person) and steam in boiling water for about fifteen minutes. Cut the remainder of the cabbage into small pieces and mix with meat, eggs, pepper, salt, onion, flour, and grated lemon rind. Put the filling into each leaf and form into roulades. Bind the roulades with thread (take the thread off before serving them). Fry the roulades until nicely browned all around.

Schlesisches Himmelreich

Ingredients for Soup:

2 lbs. dried fruit
(prunes, apricots, apples)
1-2 lbs. smoked ham
1 tbsp. sugar

Ingredients for Dumplings:

1-2 lbs. flour
3-5 lbs. peeled boiled potatoes
1 egg
salt to taste

Cook dried fruit, ham, and sugar in enough water to cover, until ham is tender. Add more water if needed. Thicken slightly with flour.

For making the dumplings, mash potatoes with fork, add egg, salt, and enough flour to form a firm dough. Form balls the size of an egg and drop into the soup made of the ham and fruit mixture. Steam the dumplings until they rise to the surface.

Meat Balls
(Konigsberger Klops)

½ lb. beef, ground
½ lb. pork meat, ground
2 dry white rolls or
2 slices dry bread
1 egg
¼ c. cream
grated lemon rind and juice
1-2 tbsp. capers (if desired)
1 small onion
1 tsp. chopped parsley
1 tbsp. flour
1½ tbsp. butter
salt and pepper

Mix ingredients for meat balls. Form balls about the size of a big walnut. Melt butter in saucepan, add flour and then broth or bouillon. Simmer meat balls in this sauce for about fifteen minutes then add cream. Flavor with grated lemon rind and juice. Add capers if desired. Serve with potatoes.

Sour Roast
(Sauerbraten)

To be served with raw potato dumplings

2 lbs. beef
2 tbsp. flour
3 tbsp. butter
2 c. broth or water
salt

Marinating Ingredients:
1 onion
4 peppercorns
4 cloves
1 c. vinegar
1 c. water or buttermilk
bay leaf

Wash and dry meat. Marinate four to six days. Keep cool and turn every day. Remove meat from juice and dry. Dredge in flour and melted butter in frying pan, brown the meat, and add salt. Add broth slowly and juice for flavor. Cover and let simmer on low flame for one and one-half hours. Turn meat occasionally, replacing water if necessary. Thicken and serve.

Raw Potato Dumplings
(Rohe Kartoffelkloesse)

To be served with Sauerbraten

8 medium-sized potatoes, raw
4 boiled potatoes
2 white rolls
2 oz. lard or butter
2 eggs
3 tsp. flour (potato starch)
salt
little hot milk

Peel the raw potatoes, grate them into a bowl of cold water through a muslin on the grater. Let them rest for a few minutes then press through the muslin. Put the potatoes in a deep mixing bowl, pour a little hot milk over them. Add the grated boiled potatoes.

Cut the rolls in little squares and fry in butter or lard and add to the dough.

Beat the eggs in the flour and the potato starch (which remains as sediment from grating the raw potatoes on the bottom of the bowl into which you grated the potatoes). Mix all this together and form nice, round dumplings. Boil for half an hour in salted water.

These dumplings are to be eaten at once, otherwise they become hard and lose their appetizing appearance. The water to boil the dumplings in should be put on the stove early enough so that it is boiling when dumplings are all formed.

Apple Fritters
(Apfelkuechel)

1 lb. flour
sugar to suit taste
cinnamon
apples
⅔ c. apple juice or milk
2 tbsp. butter
3 egg whites

Make a batter by adding to the flour enough sugar to sweeten the flour, cinnamon, and the apple juice, then add hot butter.

Whisk the whipped whites of three eggs into the batter. The batter should be a little thicker than for ordinary pancakes. Peel nice, large apples. Cut in round slices. Turn in the batter. Bake in deep fat. Sprinkle generously with sugar.

The Art of Worthwhile Waiting

Pauline Henderson

HOW wonderful it would be if, at the end of our life, we could add up all the hours, days, and years that we have spent just waiting for something, and be allowed to add them to our total span of life!

To say "I hate waiting," however, is to say in effect, "I hate living," for while we wait, life is going on and we are growing older. If we believe that life is good and worthwhile, then it must naturally follow that life is too precious to waste even one minute in the state of bored frustration that to most of us is synonymous with waiting.

How many times do we say, "If I only had more time to read!" and then, the next time we are forced to sit and wait, spend the time in mental condemnation of the waiting instead of reading.

I know a woman whose wide knowledge astonished me because I knew that she had had only a grade-school education and was the busy mother of a growing family. Then one day I saw her collection of paper-backed books by well-known authors. "I always carry one with me in my purse," she told me, "to read when I have to wait for a bus or at the dentist with the children, or anyplace."

Yet it is not necessary to read in order to benefit from these brief periods of waiting. We hear much talk today of the too fast pace we are living. We are told that we hurry too much—relax too little. But even the fastest paced life has its periods of enforced waiting, time which is generally spent in a state of acute impatience that only increases the tension of our lives. How much more profitable it would be to use this time for relaxation — a sort of mental unwinding — a time to let go — to meditate — yes — even to pray, for it is not necessary to be on one's knees in order to pray effectively.

Most of us, at least once in our lives, are faced with a period of prolonged waiting. Perhaps it is for the promotion that will bring us greater security — or the return of good health after a time of illness — or the agonizing waiting for the return of a loved one who is away. These are the times that wrench our souls, when frustration builds up within us to a high point, as we wait to reach the culmination of our desires. We spend our time in a state of suspended animation, and each day becomes merely a deary succession of hours to be lived through as quickly as possible.

What a shameful waste of this wonderful gift of life! The time that we must spend in waiting is an integral part of our lives — time that, once wasted, will never come again — a time to be lived and enjoyed and made the most of — not wasted in idly marking time.

When a situation reaches the point when there is nothing more to be done except wait, then we are automatically released from the necessity of doing anything about it. The struggle is ended, and we are free to give ourselves to something else and let time itself take over. This is the time to take on something new — preferably something as unrelated to the thing we are waiting for as possible. That course in music that we have always dreamed of taking someday, or the hobby we have always wanted to pursue —or best of all—seek out someone less fortunate than ourselves and lend a helping hand.

If we will spend our waiting time in such a manner, we will be almost surprised to find one day that the waiting has ended — our dream has become a reality, and we are ready to enjoy it with a fresh outlook and a new sense of values.

A Rose Without a Thorn

Irene McCullough

MOLLIE heard the door slam as Jim left the house. What's the use, she thought, he's all wound up again, and when he is that way everything I do is wrong as far as he is concerned. She was too angry to cry. She felt all tied up inside.

If only she could discuss her problem with someone, it might help. It would be useless to talk to her mother. She invariably took Mollie's part and Jim did not stand a chance. Aunt Margaret was just as bad. There was Millie, across the street, but she had so many cares of her own, it would be unfair to burden her with any more. Besides, she did not want her affairs discussed around the neighborhood.

Suddenly she thought of Aunt Rachael. Aunt Rachael never gossiped. She was over eighty years old, and the town had practically grown up around her. She had had many ups and downs in her life—mostly downs — and yet she had come through smiling. Surely she could advise her.

Mollie hurriedly cleaned up the house and started out to see Aunt Rachael. It was just a short distance, and the cool, damp air felt refreshing against her flushed cheeks.

"Come in and sit down," called out Aunt Rachael as soon as Mollie opened the door. "It's so nice to have someone drop in and chat with me. I don't get out as often as I used to."

Mollie could not hold back her pent-up emotions any longer. She dropped into the nearest chair and burst into tears. Aunt Rachael did not say a word — just let her sob it out.

"Oh, Aunt Rachael, I'm sorry; I'm really ashamed to act this way."

"That's all right, dear, that's all right. It's just nature's way of easing the pressure when you are overtaxed. Now, what's troubling you?"

"It's Jim — he is so cross and irritable lately that I can hardly stand it. No matter how hard I try, I don't seem to please him. Maybe I never was meant for him; maybe he is tired of me; maybe I should leave him; maybe . . . ."

"Maybe," interrupted Aunt Rachael, "he is working too hard. I heard he got the contract to put in the new road down in Fairview. They say that is a pretty tough job."

"He has been working hard, Aunt Rachael. It's nearly impossible to get dependable help nowadays, and every time he leaves the job, something goes wrong. He never gets home until late and has to leave early in the morning."

"Ruth came in to see me yesterday," softly said Aunt Rachael, artfully trying to change the conversation. "She said she had just been over to see your new living-room set and that it was the prettiest one she had ever seen."

"It is beautiful. I didn't want Jim to buy it because I felt it was too expensive, but Jim could see I

preferred it, so he had them send it out."

"I want to run in and get a peek at it myself as soon as I can," said Aunt Rachael. "These new sofas are surely attractive. But, speaking of Ruth, she looked so tired and thin yesterday, I couldn't help feeling sorry for her."

"She does look worn out," replied Mollie. "Her husband is a good-natured man, but he can't seem to hold down a job for long. Ruth tends the neighbors' children, takes in sewing and does all her own work. No wonder she's tired and thin."

AUNT Rachael sighed, then began slowly and thoughtfully: "I think I understand her problems pretty well. You know Frank, my husband, was the kindest man that ever lived, but he just could not seem to get out of low gear. I decided to leave him once. I had three children then, and John, the eldest, was only six years old. We had one of the best farms in the valley, but our farm never produced as much as the neighboring farms. Each time it was our turn to irrigate, we lost a portion of the water because Frank was always late opening up the headgates. We could have raised twice as many chickens, pigs, and cows as we did, but Frank never seemed to get around to it. But he could always find time to sit down and tell the children stories, or whittle them a whistle or a flipper, go fishing or pick berries with them. I had scolded him so much about his inability to get things done that I was beginning to have an awful disposition."

Aunt Rachael leaned back in her chair and seemed to be looking back through the years.

"One day I decided that we could no longer go on the way we were. I put on my bonnet and went to see mother. She lived about a mile down the road. Mother was one of the first pioneers to settle in the valley. Her life had not been an easy one. She had walked across the plains in 1854. She lost her first three children with diphtheria. Father was away from home a great deal of the time, and mother had to shoulder the responsibility of the farm and home. I walked into her living room and sat down. I told her I was going to bring the three children and come home to live; that I just could not struggle with Frank's careless ways any longer. She listened until I had finished my story, then took me by the arm and led me out onto the front porch and said:

" 'Rachael, you married Frank for time and eternity. You go straight home and don't come back. You will never live to find a rose without some thorns.' Without more ado, she walked back into the house and closed the door.

"I walked slowly down the steps and toward home. I thought about Frank. Would I trade him for anyone else I knew? I couldn't think of a soul I would rather have married, even a very ambitious one. How about the children — would they want to leave their father? They went to him for everything. It was Frank who took time to hear their tales of woe, bind up a stubbed toe or cut finger, and comfort and advise them. When they were sick, it was Frank who got up at

night and watched over them with tender care. They didn't call for me—they called for Frank. It dawned on me that I, too, had my thorns. Surely I could fill in for the weaknesses in Frank as he was filling in for me . . . . When Frank died the meetinghouse was filled to overflowing — everyone loved him. He was the kindest man that ever lived, and I miss him more every day."

Aunt Rachael's trembling old hand wiped a tear from her eye, then she managed a smile and said, "Mollie, you will never find a rose without a thorn."

Mollie got up and went over and kissed Aunt Rachael goodbye and hurriedly left for home. The children would soon be there for lunch and maybe Jim would run in for a sandwich. With a thankful prayer in her heart, and a new humility, Mollie spoke softly to herself: "I, too, never expect to find a rose without a thorn, nor am I one," and she resolved to be a more understanding wife and count her blessings.

A Tribute to the Singing Mothers

Myree Daugherty

HUNDREDS of singing voices came to my ears, struck the chords of my heart, and penetrated the very depths of my soul. I thought it was a choir of angels, but I was here on earth, and angels do not dwell on earth. The singing continued and grew in volume. The words sent messages of love, of beauty, of adoration and praise. They spoke of mercy, of contentment, happiness and joy.

And then faces began to take form before my eyes, and, gradually, one face became familiar. It was the face of a beautiful woman. She was singing, but it was different from most singing. The song was coming from her innermost heart; around her face seemed to shine a heavenly light. Behind her appearance, I could see a life of hardships and anxious moments, but, also, rising high above I could see courage, strength, faith, prayers, and finally success and peace of mind. And then I recognized the face to be that of my dear Mother, and then I knew the singing was coming from a group of angels. Yes, they were angels on earth. God had sent them here with a special calling and responsibility, and they have and still are fulfilling their duties in a complete way. They are here always to give us strength, and love, and courage.

God bless them — our Singing Mothers.

Core of Summer

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Here is the core of summer
When all our praise is sung:
The miracle of apples
Where pink-tipped fragrance hung.

This is enough of wonder
For many psalms and hymns:
These fruits that swell and ripen
Upon unshattered limbs.

Casserole Recipes

Rhea H. Gardner

IF you want to pack every meal with appetite appeal, keep on hand a generous supply of casserole recipes. Whether they are made from market-fresh meats and vegetables or from leftovers will make no difference. There is no easier way to prepare a meal for your family or guests than by serving a casserole dish as the main course.

Quick Bacon-Noodle Casserole

- 2 c. noodles (¼ lb.)
- 8 slices bacon, halved
- ¼ c. bacon drippings
- 1 clove garlic halved
- ½ c. minced onion
- 1 no. 2 can tomatoes (2½ cups)
- 1 c. soft bread crumbs
- 1½ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. sugar
- ¼ c. grated Parmesan cheese

Heat oven to 350°F. Cook noodles in boiling water until tender. Drain. Meanwhile in skillet, cook bacon until crisp, remove. Pour off drippings then measure ¼ c. back into skillet. Add garlic, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Remove. Add onion. Cook until tender. Add tomatoes and next four ingredients. Cook 8 to 10 minutes. Add to noodles and bacon; toss well. Bake covered for 30 minutes.

Tuna Puffs

- 4 eggs, slightly beaten
- 2 c. soft bread crumbs
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1 tbsp. prepared mustard
- 1 tbsp. minced onion
- 2 c. whole milk
- 1 can chunk-style tuna (1 cup)

Combine ingredients. Pour into 6 individual casseroles or 8 custard cups. Chill. About 50 minutes before serving, heat oven to 400°F. Set casseroles in pan of warm water. Bake 35 to 40 minutes. Meanwhile heat 1 can condensed cream of mushroom soup undiluted. Add 2 tbsp. butter and stir until melted. Use as sauce for puffs.

Beef and Rice Casserole

- 1 c. rice
- 2 tbsp. butter
- 1½ c. diced celery
- 3 tbsp. minced onion
- ¼ c. water
- 1 lb. ground chuck beef
- 1 tsp. salt
- dash pepper
- 1 can tomato soup

Cook rice. Saute celery and onion in butter until tender but not browned. Place rice in casserole. Top with celery mixture. Brown meat in fat remaining in skillet. Arrange on top of celery. Combine soup with water. Pour over mixture and bake 35 minutes in 375°F. oven.

Scalloped Ham, Potatoes, and Carrots

- 1 slice ham (¾ lb.)
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 3 c. sliced pared potatoes
- ¼ c. minced onions
- 2¼ tsp. flour
- 1 c. milk
- 1 c. sliced carrots
- salt and pepper

Cut ham into serving portions. Brown lightly. Stir flour into fat in skillet. Add soup, then slowly stir in milk and bring to boiling point. In casserole arrange layers of ham, potato, carrot, and onion. Pour in soup mixture. Place in 375° F. oven and bake covered 60 minutes. Uncover and bake 15 minutes longer or until potato is tender.

Ham and Sweet Potatoes

6 medium-sized sweet potatoes
1 tbsp. butter
½ tsp. salt
pepper to taste
pinch nutmeg
2 c. cooked ham cut in bite-size pieces
2 tbsp. butter
½ c. green pepper or pimiento strips
1 no. 2 can pineapple chunks, drained
2 tbsp brown sugar
1 tbsp. cornstarch
¾ c. pineapple juice
2 tbsp. vinegar
milk, as needed

Cook then mash sweet potatoes. Add seasonings and enough milk to whip. Heat oven to 400°F. Saute ham in 2 tablespoons butter. Add green pepper and pineapple chunks. Cook 2 or 3 minutes. Add brown sugar and cornstarch then juice and vinegar. Cook, stirring until clear and thickened. Pour mixture into 9-inch pie plate or casserole. Drop spoonfuls of potato on top. Bake 20 to 25 minutes or until bubbling hot.

Turkey Casserole

2 c. noodles (¼ lb.)
1 pkg. frozen or
2 c. freshly cooked broccoli
2 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. flour
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. prepared mustard
¼ tsp. pepper
1 c. grated cheese
2 c. milk
2 c. turkey or chicken
cut in bite-size pieces
⅓ c. sliced toasted almonds

In separate saucepans, cook noodles and broccoli until just tender. Meanwhile, in saucepan over low heat melt butter. Blend in flour. Add seasonings. Cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Remove from heat, add cheese, and stir until melted.

Drain noodles and broccoli. Cut broccoli stems in ½-inch slices. Leave flowerets whole. Arrange noodles, broccoli stems, and turkey in casserole. Pour cheese sauce over all. Arrange broccoli flowerets on top, pressing them lightly into sauce. Sprinkle with almonds. Bake till bubbling on top. Note: Frozen peas or carrots could be used in place of broccoli, and ham may be used in place of turkey.

Creamed Noodle Ring

This is a tasty and attractive dish. It is especially suited to Sunday dinner or company luncheon, since everything, except the final baking of the ring, can be done well in advance of serving time. It also offers an excellent and appealing way to use leftovers.

Cook 1 package or about 2 c. fresh noodles.
Drain and place into an oiled mold about 9 inches in diameter.

Mix: 2 c. medium white sauce
2 eggs, slightly beaten
¼ lb. cheese, grated
2 tbsp. grated onion
½ tsp. dry mustard

Pour over noodles. Place in pan of water and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 30 to 40 minutes.

Turn out on large platter and fill center with creamed meat, poultry, fish or vegetables. Makes 6-8 servings.

Leftover Turkey

½ c. chopped celery
½ c. tiny whole onions
2 c. turkey stock or
2 chicken boullion cubes dissolved in 2 c. water
¼ c. flour
1 3 oz. can sliced mushrooms
3 c. diced turkey
1 tbsp. lemon juice
3 tbsp. chopped parsley
salt and pepper

Cook celery and onions in small amount of boiling salted water. Drain. Heat 1½ c. stock to boiling. Blend flour with ½ c. cold stock. Mix. Cook until thick and smooth. Add remaining ingredients, season to taste. Pour into casserole. Top with rich biscuit dough. Bake 30 minutes in 425°F. oven. Serves 6 - 8.

Trimming

Celia Luce

I trimmed my hollyhock plants. I could almost imagine them shuddering as I cut off long stalks of seeds. I could almost hear them saying, "I have done my share of work, and now you are trimming it all away. I will have the job to do all over again. Please stop and let me rest. I have done my share."

But I went right on trimming. Untrimmed hollyhocks become dead sticks. I don't want dead sticks in my garden. Trimmed hollyhocks send out shoots in all sorts of new directions and start to blossom all over again. They stay young and vigorous until the killing frost, at last, finishes their work in the fall.

I, like the hollyhocks, need trimming. I need to forget past deeds and look only to the future. I must see what new and interesting directions I can find for my efforts. Above all, I must keep busy in work that matters. I want my mind to stay young and vigorous, too. I never want to become a dead stick.

Moonrise

Ethel Jacobson

Oh, rising moon,
Whiteness slipping from a shadowy sea,
Lucent, polished,
A wafer of chalcedony
Sea-foam pale,
Dripping diamond sea-spray stars,
You rise from a blackness
Of waves, cliffs, deodars. . . .

The midnight landscape
Lightens, brightens, shimmers and glows,
A silver rose!
Unfolding in petaled bloom.

Josephine Johnson Laker Specializes in Useful Hobbies

JOSEPHINE Johnson Laker, seventy years old, of Freedom, Wyoming, has enriched her life with hobbies and has contributed much beauty to the lives of her friends and relatives. "Any hobby that gives happiness is a worthwhile hobby, but a useful hobby is a two-fold blessing," says Sister Laker, "and, anyway, I love variety."

Quilting is a favorite hobby for Sister Laker, and she makes quilts in intricate-pieced designs, in applique patterns, and in unusually beautiful quilted motifs on plain colors. Her "Flower-Basket" quilts have been much admired, and her "Four-Flower" quilts are beautifully designed in harmonizing tints on plain backgrounds. In one year, her sixty-ninth year, she made a quilt for each one of her five children.

Sister Laker is an industrious "green-thumb" gardener, and she grows flowers indoors and outdoors, experimenting with seedlings and cuttings, and finding the best varieties suitable to the climate of beautiful Star Valley that is her home. She paints pictures, and is skilled in all the household arts.

For many years she has been active in Relief Society, serving as a visiting teacher for twenty-two years, and assisting in lesson work, quilting and sewing projects.

Triptych

Vesta N. Lukei

These be
Love's trinity:
Devotion constant as
The tide and moon, protective prayer,
And faith.

Heart's Bounty

Chapter 3

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Annie Griffith, whose father, with his family, has been called on a mission to the mountains to cut stone for the temple, is living with the Williams family in Salt Lake City, and is being educated with Marie Williams under the direction of a private tutor. Both Annie and Marie are very much interested in a neighbor, Parker Josephson, who leaves to attend an eastern university to learn to be a teacher of science. A farewell dinner for Parker is given at the Williams home, and Annie and Marie give him, as a going-away remembrance, a shirt which they have made. Both the girls are lonely after Parker has left, but they continue their studies, and finally a letter arrives from Parker, addressed to both of the girls.

THE next two years passed quickly. Marie's seventeenth birthday was celebrated with a party in the Williams' home. Both girls had put their hair up. Annie, reluctantly, because Marie insisted.

"Annie is content," Marie exclaimed, "to stay looking like a little girl for the next ten years."

"It's not that," Annie said. "I just don't think it matters too much."

"Matters!" Marie exclaimed. "Look in the glass and see how much it matters!"

Annie had to admit there was some change when she looked at herself. The dark, soft, full wings of hair exposed the high cheekbones and the soft firm line of her chin. It made one notice the soft curve of her mouth and how wide and large her dark blue eyes were. Marie looked older, too, but she had always looked more mature for her age than Annie. Marie's father lamented that, in place of his two little girls, two young women had come to stay.

"Oh, do you really think so?" Marie had exclaimed happily, but Annie had felt a moment of sadness. She hadn't wanted to grow up away from her own family, but now she had, almost.

The young people insisted Annie sing at Marie's party. After she had sung favorites that Marie's mother had taught her and Marie, she sang Welsh songs her father had taught her as a little girl. Then she protested she would sing no more and went out into the kitchen to help.

Aunt Agnes came out of the pantry and patted Annie on the cheek. "You are a very extraordinary young lady, Annie. You should live in no one else's shadow."

"Why, I don't," Annie said.

Marie flung the door open. "Do hurry, Annie, they're waiting for refreshments. Oh, Annie, you sing so beautifully. If only I could do half the things you can do."

"You can," Annie said.

Marie sat on the window sill. "I can't. I can't sing as well, I can't play the piano as well, I'm not as smart, I can't sew as well; but I have the prettiest hair in the whole valley."

Aunt Agnes cleared her throat sharply.

Marie twirled her skirts a little, watching them billow. "Annie says I am prettier than anyone, and you're always saying my heart is good."

Annie laughed at her while Aunt Agnes struggled with indignation at

such vanity. "Well," Aunt Agnes finally sputtered, "if it comes to beauty, Annie'll make the boys stand on their hands soon enough. If you look twice at Annie, the second glance is worth a dozen of Miss Marie."

Marie laughed and danced out of the room, and Annie laughed, too. Then she kissed Aunt Agnes soundly on the cheeks. "Another year and I'll be teaching and beguiling little boys and girls. Then, Aunt Agnes, you and Marie will be my fondest memories. And Brother and Sister Williams, of course."

"Brother Josephson was telling us that Parker should be home within another month or two." Aunt Agnes carried the cookies out of the pantry.

"That's what Marie has been expecting," Annie said.

"They're already planning a big party for him in the recreation hall at the church." Aunt Agnes steadied her tray. "He got his degree cum laude or something."

"I know," Annie said softly.

Aunt Agnes waited while Annie opened the door to the hall. "Marie has had a dozen crushes since Parker."

When Annie said nothing, Aunt Agnes snorted vigorously and sailed past Annie.

Sister Williams bought yards of new material for the girls' dresses for the party in honor of Parker's return. Aunt Agnes and the girls sewed steadily for over a month. They wanted every detail perfect, and so Agnes and Annie were constantly having to undo and do over parts Marie had sewn. Marie lay on her bed when her headache got too bad, and Aunt Agnes and Annie finished the dresses.

One day Parker Josephson came home. Marie was very put out because he didn't come over immediately to see them.

"He probably still thinks of us as little girls," she said petulantly. "Won't he be surprised to find us all grown up?" She took out the three letters she had received from Parker during the three years he had been gone, and re-read them. "Whatever did you do with the letter Parker sent to you, Annie?" Marie looked at her.

Annie leaned over her sewing. "It's around somewhere, or perhaps I lost it. You are a goose, Marie."

"She is," said Aunt Agnes. "For all she knows Parker's probably engaged already to someone nearer his own age."

Marie looked stricken, and Annie looked up quickly.

Aunt Agnes said gently, "There, I'm just joking. If he were, your Mama would be the first to know, I'm sure, since she's been like a second mother to him for years." Aunt Agnes pursed her lips to her sewing.

SISTER Williams reproved Marie for being so anxious to run over to see Parker. "He has to visit with his family, first, Marie. We'll see him soon enough. You girls saw him come. He has to have time to rest up after such a long, grueling trip. Besides, the party is this Friday evening, and I'm sure it would be nice to look your best when you do see him. He'll be expecting the two little girls he left."

"That's just what I was saying, Mama," Marie said.

But Brother and Sister Williams and Marie stopped next door at the Josephson's on Thursday to welcome Parker home. They told him they hadn't been able to wait until the party to see him. Marie told Annie how surprised he had been to see how grown up she was.

"He asked about you, too, Annie. I told him you were home working on our dresses. We should have made you go with us. He looks older, too. I don't think we could play tag with him anymore, if we weren't too grown up ourselves."

"That's too bad," Annie said. She was setting the table for the evening meal.

"No, it isn't. I mean he seems more serious or something. Oh, I don't know what I mean."

Annie went back into the pantry for more plates. She shook her head angrily at herself. Why should she feel sad tonight, the night before a party where she was going to wear a dress more beautiful than she had ever dreamed she might own? It was heavy taffeta that changed in the light from full pink to dark rose.

EVERYONE went to the dance. The few older people, who felt they couldn't dance, sat on the benches and chairs around the hall. At one end of the hall was spread a large table of planks, and this was covered with white cloths. There refreshments would be served. The music was lively and quick; the happy sound of a violin rose above the voices, and Annie's heart beat faster just hearing it. Everyone arrived on time, because no one wanted to miss any of the fun. Parker and his parents stood close to the door, greeting everyone while the music warmed up. Brother and Sister Williams and the girls stopped to shake hands and greet Parker. Parker shook Marie's hand and then took Annie's.

"I've already told Marie how grown up she is. Annie, you've become a most delightful young lady, just as I knew you would. You'll both save a dance for me, won't you?"

"Oh, Parker, I've saved you the first already!" Marie exclaimed.

Annie nodded her head quickly, while Marie's voice tinkled on. Parker did look older and steadier. But the little quirk about his mouth that told you any moment he might laugh, was still there. And he was as kind as ever. Annie moved on quickly, because people pressed behind her, and, under his eyes, she became all of a sudden very disconcerted.

Marie's voice was in her ear. "Oh, Annie, I'm so glad Papa made us go with him and Mama. If I had gone with the Johnson family, Parker would have been terribly jealous over Billy Johnson, and it would have ruined everything. Just think, I have the first dance with Parker. Won't people be nodding their heads over that!" She tapped an impatient toe, while her skirts rippled like soft waves.

The hall was soon filled with people, and Marie and Annie found themselves dancing all the sets. Annie thought how much her family would enjoy this party. Her parents loved dancing and were never too tired to join in whenever music could be found. Annie felt as if she were floating instead of dancing to the music. It was so much fun.

She saw Parker start toward her twice, but both times she was claimed and had danced away before he reached her. Finally, the exhausted musicians had to take a rest, and the refreshment table began to be very busy. Annie dropped into a chair on the fringe of the crowd, while Samuel Taylor stood in line to bring her some refreshments. She had offered to help, but had been told it wasn't quite time for her turn.

Annie smoothed her hair, which had become loosened with the dancing. At that moment Parker Josephson dropped into the chair beside her. "I suspect someone has already gone for something for you?" he asked.

"Yes," Annie smiled.

"I thought you were going to save me a dance?"

"Yes."

"The very next one, then," Parker said.

"Yes." Was that all she could say? Annie bit her lip.

"Professor Peterson was saying just now that you'll make a wonderful teacher. Just another year here, isn't it?"

PARKER looked at her too closely; it made even her simplest remarks difficult. "He's very kind, I'm sure."

"Sister Williams says you're . . . ."

"I'm sure there can be nothing more dull than the extolling of my virtues, Parker."

"You know you were difficult to know before I left, but now you're grown up, I'm afraid I'll have to begin getting acquainted with you all over again. You said you'd write, and you never did."

"You were just joking that day."

"No more than when I told Marie she might write. She wrote me dozens of times."

"Now you're teasing, as if we were still two little girls." Annie stood up. "I really ought to find Sister Warner. I promised to help with the punch."

"You can't go now." Parker pulled her down gently to the chair again. "See, the dancing is beginning. Besides, there's Sister Warner completing a set. There's no escape, you'll have to stay here beside me." Parker laughed at the color which was mounting in her face. "I always did like a girl who could blush," he said.

It was a few minutes before the dances straightened into good sense for Annie, and she felt more composed. Parker was much too forward. But, perhaps, he felt more like a brother to Marie and herself, and that accounted for everything. Still, to be sitting beside him like this all this time and no one coming up! Though, of course, how could they with the dancing going on? There was poor Samuel with her punch at last, but he was stranded across the floor now. Marie would have loved being here. Oh, she thought remorsefully, where is Marie? Marie should be the one here certainly. She scarcely nodded when Parker murmured something about the skill of one of the dancers. She excused herself as soon as the music paused, not waiting for Parker's reply.

She found Marie in the front hall by all the coats. "Where have you been?" Annie asked.

"Shshsh," Marie whispered. "Billy Johnson is simply wild with jeal-

ousy, because Parker danced with me first. He made me come out."

"Not outside?" Annie grasped her arm.

"Oh, no, just to the stairs. He's made me promise him the last dance, and I don't know what to do. I'm sure Parker will ask . . . ."

"Girls, girls." Aunt Agnes came from the kitchen. "They need your help now with the punch. Hurry, girls."

Marie scowled and followed Annie to the end of the hall where the tables were.

"I'll help you," Parker said, taking a huge pitcher from Annie. He had followed her to the tables. "I've still a dance to claim," he smiled. His hand brushed hers as he took the pitcher.

ANNIE bit her lip at her blush while Parker appreciated it. Then he was very serious and business-like, and insisted on helping tip up the big tubs that held the punch.

Both Marie and Annie danced again with Parker, and then, because Marie was dancing the last dance with Billy Johnson, Parker insisted Annie dance it with him.

"I could die," Marie whispered.

"He's only dancing with me because he can't dance with you."

Marie's face brightened. Then she sighed, "Papa's mad at me, anyway, for dancing so many times with Billy, but Billy does insist so." Marie danced off, and Annie turned to face Parker.

"Sister Williams was saying you have just another year with them, and then your father and mother will be returning home."

Parker looked at the heavy dark hair and pale, smooth brow, but Annie's gaze remained downward. Annie found it an effort to meet Parker's eyes, and it made her very provoked with herself to feel so helpless. After all, he is going to marry Marie, probably; maybe even before I leave, so it is ridiculous to be so fainthearted about looking into another person's eyes, she told herself.

Marie and Billy whirled past them. "Marie's a very lovely dancer, isn't she?" Annie yearned to have the assurance with which Marie abounded.

"She is, indeed," Parker smiled at her.

Annie felt suddenly tired. She thought for a moment about the soft feather tick at home.

"What is it?" Parker was asking. "Why have you withdrawn? The party isn't over."

"Yes, it is," Annie said, and indeed the music was no longer playing.

She made her way through the people to the Williams with Parker just behind her. After the dismissal prayer, Parker took her hands to say goodnight. Surely, he must feel them tremble, Annie thought.

Then Marie came up suddenly with her wrap, and Parker had to help her with it. Marie and Annie returned home with the Williams. Everyone remarked what a nice party it had been. Annie fell silent. There were too many things to sort out in her mind and heart. She knew she could never, never, be disloyal to Marie whom she loved as a sister. She closed her eyes and pulled the robe more closely about her. The night was very cold.

(To be continued)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Veda F. Moss

RENO STAKE (NEVADA), SPARKS EAST WARD ANNIVERSARY PARTY
March 17, 1956

Front row, left to right: Thelda Martin, Second Counselor; Mildred Ballingham, President; Lois Hauder, First Counselor; Ethel Marr Ball, Secretary; Agnes Kenfield, *Magazine* representative; Christine Richins, work meeting leader.

Back row, left to right: Rose Burgess, visiting teacher message leader; Jean Edgar, work meeting leader; Gladys Grieve, theology class leader; June Hancock, chorister; Emma Lou Belnap, literature class leader; Delores Brown, organist.

Veda F. Moss, President, Reno Stake Relief Society, reports: "The beautiful table decorations were made by Christine Richins. The dolls, in costumes of pastel shades, were used to depict different phases of Relief Society work. On this delightful occasion a delicious dinner was served for all Relief Society members and their partners. A program and games were then enjoyed."

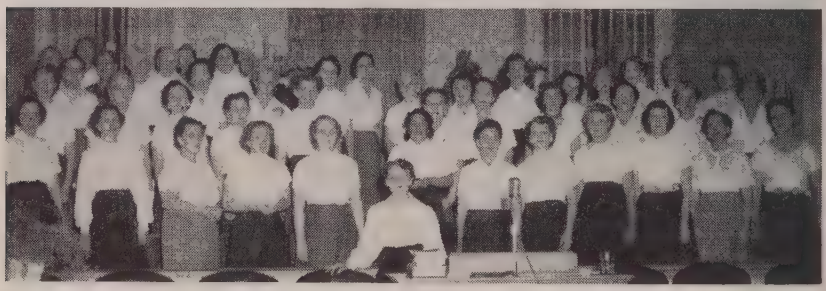
Photograph submitted by Eva H. Stevenson

CANNON STAKE (UTAH), CANNON FOURTH WARD BAZAAR
March 9, 1956

At the right, back of the car, left to right: Secretary Elida Rogers, in black dress, with child standing at her right; First Counselor June Bills; President LaVerne Kellersberger; Second Counselor Lois Clark.

President Kellersberger reports: "An Easter train, complete with engine and caboose, plus engineers, passengers, and workers, set a very unique stage for the Cannon Fourth Ward bazaar. The gaily decorated train booths were truly an incentive for the purchase of all the lovely handwork on display. Novel gift items, quilts, dish towels, clothing, home-baked goods, and games to play, all were helpful in making the Easter train keep on the track of success."

Eva H. Stevenson is president of Cannon Stake Relief Society.



Photograph submitted by Della O. Taylor

EL PASO STAKE (TEXAS AND NEW MEXICO) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE,
May 29, 1956

Stake chorister Carol Merrill stands in the center near the pulpit; organist Jenny Lawson stands in the back row, center.

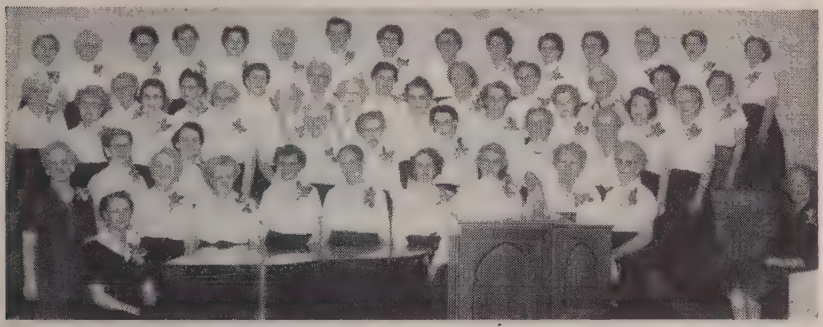
Della O. Taylor, President, El Paso Stake Relief Society, reports the following wards represented in the chorus: El Paso First, Second, and Third Wards, Texas; Las Cruces, Carlsbad, Deming, and Silver City, New Mexico. Four members traveled 170 miles to sing with the group.

Photograph submitted by Verna L. Dewsnup

ST. GEORGE STAKE (UTAH), ST. GEORGE FIFTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR SEVEN YEARS

Standing at the right in the center background: Verna L. Dewsnup, President, St. George Stake Relief Society.

Standing in the second row, beginning sixth from the left: Gwendolyn Rogers, Second Counselor, St. George Fifth Ward Relief Society; Alice Holland, First Counselor; Roma C. Esplin, President.



Photograph submitted by Matilda B. Gilbert

FRANKLIN STAKE (IDAHO), PRESTON FIRST WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR MANY OCCASIONS

Martha Seeley, chorister, stands at the left (in dark dress); Anona Oliverson, the accompanist, is seated left at the piano.

Matilda B. Gilbert, President, Franklin Stake Relief Society, reports: "These Singing Mothers are the mothers of 216 children, 403 grandchildren, and forty-four great-grandchildren. The ward bishopric has called this chorus to furnish music at each fast meeting. They are in great demand to sing at funeral services. They also furnished the music at the Franklin and Oneida Stakes Relief Society convention. They have been meeting weekly for practice during the past two years. Greta Nuffer is president of the Preston First Ward Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Gladys R. Winter

SAN FRANCISCO STAKE (CALIFORNIA) GIVES "LONG-TIME" MEMBERS LUNCHEON

Gladys R. Winter, President, San Francisco Stake Relief Society, stands in the first row at the extreme right; First Counselor Vera M. Murray stands in the third row at the right.

Sister Winter reports: "A Long-Time" Members luncheon was given just before Easter to honor the women of San Francisco Stake who are no longer able to participate as actively in Relief Society as they have done for many years. There are forty-two of these women over seventy-five years of age who are unable to attend regularly. Members of the stake board, assisted by three ward officers, called for these sisters at their homes and drove them thirty-five miles to the Allied Arts Guild where luncheon was served in the beautiful gardens. After an hour or two of visiting in the display of handcrafts and among the flowers, they were returned to their homes."

Photograph submitted by Ida A. Gallagher

MURRAY STAKE (UTAH), MURRAY SIXTH WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR SIX YEARS

Front row, seated, beginning fifth from the left: Beatrice Turner, First Counselor; Maxine Morgan, President; Beverly Turpin, Second Counselor; Mary Meyers, Secretary; Wilma Svedin, a former ward president and now Second Counselor in Murray Stake Relief Society.

Ida A. Gallagher, President, Murray Stake Relief Society, reports that the Murray Sixth Ward Relief Society numbers thirty-three districts, with sixty-six visiting teachers.

Photograph submitted by Grace E. Berndt

WILFORD STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, April 22, 1956

Standing in the second row, at the right of the organ: Catherine Aposhian, organist; Grace E. Berndt, President, Wilford Stake Relief Society; Eileen Sherren, chorister; Beth Eason, pianist.

Woodland Wonder

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

In the wooded park on the canyon's shoulder,
They found each other, the doe and the lad;
Each the appraiser, neither the bolder—
The doe's eyes, a question; the boy's, all-glad.

With new-found patience the boy moved closer;
The doe, still alerted, held its stand;
Then heaven stood guard in that woodland wonder
While a doe nibbled leaves from a small boy's hand.

Summer Tide

Beatrice K. Ekman

The glittering sun has climbed the noonday sky,
On hills and fields its searching heat is turned.
From leafy branches plaintive robins cry
And on the mountain trails, white dust is churned.
In the near pasture young lambs seek the shade
Of cottonwoods beside the dwindling stream
Where tame geese with their wobbly goslings wade
And through the sunlit shadows gleam.

Now the full tide of summer overflows
The fruited orchards and the beaded grain.
To honeysuckle and the velvet rose
The droning bees are trafficking again.
The land is thirsting for the cleansing rain
To freshen leaves where dust too long has lain.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—Characters and Teachings of The Book of Mormon

Lesson 42—Christ's Ministry Continued

Elder Leland H. Monson

(Text: The Book of Mormon: 3 Nephi, chapters 22-30)

For Tuesday, November 6, 1956

Objective: To show that strict adherence to the Gospel Plan is necessary for eternal life.

The Prophecies of Isaiah

JESUS spent considerable time discussing the scriptures with the Nephites. He told them to search the words of Isaiah saying, ". . . a commandment I give unto you that ye search these things diligently; for great are the words of Isaiah" (3 Nephi 23:1). Jesus further quoted the prophecies of Isaiah, assuring the people that his kindness should not depart from Israel, that his covenant to his people should not be removed (3 Nephi 22:10), that no weapon directed against them should prosper.

Addition of Samuel the Lamanite's Prophecy

After Jesus had expounded all the scriptures unto them which they had received, he said unto them: ". . . Behold other scriptures I would that ye should write, that ye have not." He said to Nephi, ". . . Bring forth the record which ye have kept." After ". . . he cast his eyes upon them . . ." Jesus pointed out that the prophecies of Samuel the Lamanite that ". . . many saints . . . should arise from the dead, and should appear unto many, and should minister unto them . . . at the day that the Father should glorify his name in me . . ." (see 3 Nephi 23:6-9) had not been written in the record. So it was written as he commanded.

Malachi's Words Given

Jesus commanded also that they should write the words which the Father had given to Malachi. (See

3 Nephi chapters 24 and 25.) After they were written, then the Lord expounded them. These words of Malachi include the law of tithes and offerings and foretell of the coming of:

. . . Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord;

And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse (3 Nephi 25:5-6).

The Savior told the people:

. . . These scriptures, which ye have not with you, the Father commanded that I should give unto you; for it was wisdom in him that they should be given unto future generations (3 Nephi 26:2).

Savior Expounds All Things From Beginning

And he did expound all things, even from the beginning until the time that he should come in his glory — yea, even all things which should come upon the face of the earth, even until the elements should melt with fervent heat, and the earth should be wrapt together as a scroll, and the heavens and the earth should pass away;

And even unto the great and last day, when all people, and all kindreds, and all nations and tongues shall stand before God, to be judged of their works, whether they be good or whether they be evil—

If they be good, to the resurrection of everlasting life; and if they be evil, to the resurrection of damnation; being on a parallel, the one on the one hand and the other on the other hand, according to the mercy, and the justice, and the holiness which is in Christ, who was before the world began (3 Nephi 26:3-5).

Mormon tells us:

. . . there cannot be written in this book even a hundredth part of the things which Jesus did truly teach unto the people (3 Nephi 26:6).

Jesus taught the people:

. . . for the space of three days; and after that he did show himself unto them oft, and did break bread oft, and bless it, and give it unto them (3 Nephi 36:13).

He wrought many mighty miracles among the Nephites and:

. . . he did teach and minister unto the children of the multitude of whom hath been spoken, and he did loose their tongues, and they did speak unto their fathers great and marvelous things, even greater than he had revealed unto the people; and he loosed their tongues that they could utter.

. . . on the morrow . . . the multitude gathered themselves together, and they both saw and heard these children; yea, even babes did open their mouths and utter marvelous things; and the things which they did utter were forbidden that there should not any man write them (3 Nephi 26:14, 16).

From this time on the disciples began ". . . to baptize and to teach as many as did come unto them; and as many as were baptized in the name of Jesus were filled with the Holy Ghost" (3 Nephi 26:17).

Jesus Christ Names His Church

As the disciples were gathered together "". . . united in mighty prayer and fasting" (3 Nephi 27:1) after having preached to the people and baptized them, Jesus appeared in their midst and asked: ". . . What will ye that I shall give unto you?" (3 Nephi 27:2). Because of disputations among the people concerning the name of the Church, the disciples asked that he tell them ". . . the name whereby we shall call this church . . ." (3 Nephi 27:3). Jesus' answer was direct and final:

And how be it my church save it be called in my name? For if a church be called in Moses' name then it be Moses' church; or if it be called in the name of a man then it be the church of a man; but if it be called in my name then it is my church, if it so be that they are built upon my gospel (3 Nephi 27:8).

The Gospel Defined

Jesus, then, told the Nephites he had given to them his gospel, and defined the gospel for them:

Behold I have given unto you my gospel, and this is the gospel which I have given unto you — that I came into the world to do the will of my Father, because my Father sent me.

And my Father sent me that I might be lifted up upon the cross; and after that I had been lifted up upon the cross, that I might draw all men unto me, that as I have been lifted up by men even so should men be lifted up by the Father, to stand before me, to be judged of their works, whether they be good or whether they be evil—

And for this cause have I been lifted up; therefore, according to the power of the Father I will draw all men unto me, that they may be judged according to their works.

And it shall come to pass, that whoso repenteth and is baptized in my name shall be filled; and if he endureth to the end, behold, him will I hold guiltless before my Father at that day when I shall stand to judge the world.

And he that endureth not unto the end, the same is he that is also hewn down and cast into the fire, from whence they can no more return, because of the justice of the Father.

And this is the word which he hath given unto the children of men. And for this cause he fulfilleth the words which he hath given, and he lieth not, but fulfilleth all his words.

And no unclean thing can enter into the kingdom; therefore nothing entereth into his rest save it be those who have washed their garments in my blood, because of their faith, and the repentance of all their sins, and their faithfulness unto the end.

Now this is the commandment: Repent, all ye ends of the earth, and come unto me and be baptized in my name, that ye may be sanctified by the reception of the Holy Ghost, that ye may stand spotless before me at the last day.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, this is my gospel; and ye know the things that ye must do in my church; for the works which ye have seen me do that shall ye also do; for that which ye have seen me do even that shall ye do (3 Nephi 27:13-21).

Jesus also informed the disciples that men would be judged out of the books, but he made it known to them that ". . . all things are written by the Father; therefore out of the books which shall be written shall the world be judged" (3 Nephi 27:26). The disciples were informed by Jesus that they were to judge the Nephites, and that his joy was great, even unto fulness, because of them and the generation then alive. He pointed out to them, however, that his heart sorrowed for the people of the fourth generation:

. . . for they are led away captive by him even as was the son of perdition; for they will sell me for silver and for gold, and for that which moth doth corrupt and which thieves can break through and steal (3 Nephi 27:32).

Disciples Granted Their Desires

It was then that Jesus turned to his disciples and asked, one by one, ". . . What is it that ye desire of me, after that I am gone to the Father?" (3 Nephi 28:1). Nine of them said: ". . . We desire that after we have lived unto the age of man, that

our ministry, wherein thou hast called us, may have an end, that we may speedily come unto thee in thy kingdom" (3 Nephi 28:2). Jesus commended them and promised them that when they reached the age of seventy-two that they would find rest with him in his kingdom.

Turning to the three remaining disciples he asked: ". . . What will ye that I should do unto you, when I am gone unto the Father?" (3 Nephi 28:4). Recognizing the sorrow in their hearts ". . . for they durst not speak unto him the thing which they desired," (3 Nephi 28:5), he said:

> . . . Behold, I know your thoughts, and ye have desired the thing which John, my beloved, who was with me in my ministry, before that I was lifted up by the Jews, desired of me.
>
> Therefore, more blessed are ye, for ye shall never taste of death; but ye shall live to behold all the doings of the Father unto the children of men, even until all things shall be fulfilled according to the will of the Father when I shall come in my glory with the powers of heaven (3 Nephi 28:6-7).

Mormon was forbidden to name these three disciples in the record. He knew their names, however, and he had seen them and they had ministered unto him (3 Nephi 28:26). Mormon knew also that they would minister unto many others in the future, unto the Gentiles, the Jews, the scattered tribes of the house of Israel, and that they would perform a great and marvelous work among them.

After the three disciples were granted their wish, they were ". . . caught up into heaven . . ." where they ". . . saw and heard unspeakable things." (See 3 Nephi 28:2-8, 12, 36.) Later when they taught the people the gospel and were persecuted for it, the prisons could not hold them, pits could not restrain them, furnaces did them no harm, and when they were cast into dens of wild beasts, they received no harm, so great was their power.

Mormon's Warning to Those Who Deny Christ

Mormon, near the end of Third Nephi, warns all those to whom this record would come not to spurn the words and works of the Lord. ". . . Behold," he wrote, "at that day, if ye shall spurn at his doings he will cause that it shall soon overtake you. Wo unto him that spurneth at the doings of the Lord; yea, wo unto him that shall deny the Christ and his works! Yea, wo unto him that shall deny the revelations of the Lord . . . . Yea, and wo unto him that shall say at that day, to get gain, that there can be no miracle wrought by Jesus Christ; for he that doeth this shall become like unto the son of perdition, for whom there was no mercy, according to the word of Christ!" (3 Nephi 29:4-7).

Gentiles Called to Repentance

Mormon also advised the people in the last days not to ". . . spurn, nor make game of the Jews, nor any of the remnant of the house of Israel . . ." (3 Nephi 29:8) for the Lord would keep his covenants to those people.

Nephi further stated:

> . . . that when the Lord shall see fit in his wisdom, that these sayings shall come

unto the Gentiles according to his word, then ye may know that the covenant which the Father hath made with the children of Israel, concerning their restoration to the lands of their inheritance, is already beginning to be fulfilled.

And ye may know that the words of the Lord, which have been spoken by the holy prophets, shall all be fulfilled; and ye need not say that the Lord delays his coming unto the children of Israel (3 Nephi 29:1-2).

Mormon concludes Third Nephi with advice to the Gentiles of this day:

Turn, all ye Gentiles, from your wicked ways; and repent of your evil doings, of your lyings and deceivings, and of your whoredoms, and of your secret abominations, and your idolatries, and of your murders, and your priestcrafts, and your envyings, and your strifes, and from all your wickedness and abominations, and come unto me, and be baptized in my name, that ye may receive a remission of your sins, and be filled with the Holy Ghost, that ye may be numbered with my people who are of the house of Israel (3 Nephi 30:2).

Questions on the Lesson

1. How did Jesus define the gospel?
2. What scripture did he give to the Nephites? Why?
3. What did Jesus say regarding the house of Israel? the Jews? the Gentiles?
4. Why are Jesus' words about Elijah important?
5. What did Malachi say about tithing?
6. What did Jesus say about the name of the Church?
7. What does "sanctified by the reception of the Holy Ghost" mean?

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Book of Mormon Gems of Truth

Lesson 42—"Pray in Your Families Unto the Father, Always in My Name, That Your Wives and Your Children May Be Blessed" (3 Nephi 18:21).

Leone O. Jacobs

For Tuesday, November 6, 1956

Objective: To point out the blessings that come from family prayer.

PERHAPS there is no single activity in the home which results in richer blessings than does that of family prayer. If parents would only realize the rewards of this activity they would be very faithful in its observance. President Heber J. Grant said of family prayer:

I am convinced that one of the greatest things that can come into any home to cause the boys and girls in that home to grow up in a love of God, and in a love of the gospel of Jesus Christ, is to have family prayer (*Gospel Standards*, page 25).

Families which start the day by kneeling down together in prayer receive a spiritual uplift. As each individual goes forth to his day's duties he carries with him the knowledge that the spirit of the Lord has been entreated to attend him. He goes out with the backing of his entire family, and, added to this security, is a feeling of confi-

dence that he may have God's help throughout the day. Then, at the close of the day, for the family again to kneel in humility and thanksgiving brings peace to family members and a desire to continue in righteousness.

If feelings have been hurt or errors committed, individuals may not feel like praying; but Brigham Young has said of such an attitude:

> It matters not whether you or I feel like praying, when the time comes to pray, pray. If we do not feel like it, we should pray till we do . . . . Let no person give up prayer because he has not the spirit of prayer, neither let any earthly circumstance hurry you while in the performance of this important duty (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, pp. 44, 46).

Some families encounter difficulty in finding a convenient time for all members to participate in family prayer. This should never be a cause for neglecting this commandment. One exemplary family found the solution to evening prayers by setting the alarm clock for 7:00 P.M., which was the signal for all to assemble before any member left for an evening appointment. Think what a safeguard these prayers would be to young people! Surely prayer is a protecting shield against the enticements of Satan. Many have testified that the thought of their families kneeling together in prayer asking the Lord to protect them from harm and evil, has saved them from yielding to temptation and making serious mistakes.

When loved ones are far from the home circle, the prayers of the family are a sustaining influence. It means much for them to know that their families are praying for them regularly at home. They may even visualize the exact hour when prayers are being said and the faces of their loved ones engaged in this sacred practice.

In a day when divorce and juvenile delinquency are alarming, family prayer can be a strong influence in preventing these sad situations. Family prayer cements family ties, it generates harmony and love, and teaches unselfishness. Hearts are mellowed, tempers softened, and problems dwarfed through seeking divine aid:

> More things are wrought by prayer
> Than this world dreams of.
> "Morte D'Arthur," Tennyson

Work Meeting—Food Preparation and Service

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 2—Casseroles and Leftovers

Rhea H. Gardner

For Tuesday, November 13, 1956

CASSEROLES play an important role in meal planning. A casserole may be prepared two or more weeks before it is to be served, if it

is stored in a home freezer; or a day or two if it is stored in the refrigerator.

A good casserole has qualities that make it distinctive and give it character; for instance, the meat should be cut in pieces large enough to be readily identified, and vegetables should be chosen that will combine well with the protein food that is used. In addition to flavor, it is important to think also of color and texture. Precook fresh vegetables only until they are about half done so they will not be overcooked when the casserole is ready to be served. Many frozen vegetables, such as peas, corn, and green beans, may be added while still icy. Never mince vegetables, except those used primarily for seasoning. Whole rings of carrots, or if they are small and garden fresh, whole carrots, whole or half lengths of string beans, clusters of bright green broccoli or snowy white cauliflower give character and appetite appeal to a casserole dish. Sutble seasoning is a goal every good cook strives for and is especially important in casseroles.

Casserole dishes are best prepared in low, flat baking dishes rather than in deep, smaller ones. Casseroles that are too deep are not likely to be cooked thoroughly. Much of the attractiveness of a casserole dish is created in the topping, and there should be some of the topping given with each serving.

Casseroles are excellent for outdoor meals. For your picnic parties, choose those that carry well.

Because a high percentage of foods used in casseroles is comparatively soft and not particularly colorful, make sure that you include garnishes, relishes, and salad foods that are crisp and colorful for the balance of your menu.

To make a casserole for freezing, prepare it according to the regular recipe, but do not add the topping. If you plan to use it within a week or two, cover the casserole with waxed paper, aluminum foil or a bowl cover before placing it in the freezer. A moisture-vapor-proof wrapper or freezer tape to seal the lid to the dish is necessary when the casserole is to be stored for a longer period of time. When the casserole comes out of the freezer, add the topping and it is ready to bake after it has reached room temperature.

Casserole dishes are just one way to use leftovers. Croquettes, meat pies, sandwich fillings, stews, stuffed peppers, meat loaves, chowders and soups are other ways in which leftovers may be attractively prepared. The same rules as those recommended for making a good casserole should be followed. If much of the roast or boiled meat you plan to use is in tiny bits, grind it and, with the use of a binder, such as a thick sauce, crumbs or eggs, form it into balls or in a loaf.

Always add one or two fresh vegetables when making a stew or meat pie. A change of seasoning can do much to make an "old dish" taste fresh as "morning dew." Leftover vegetables may be creamed and served as a sauce over a cheese or fish souffle, noodle ring, or croquettes.

If you do not plan to use leftovers soon, put them in suitable containers in your freezer or the coldest part of your refrigerator until you can use them. Decide while the

food is very fresh: (1) Is there enough to be served by itself or must it be combined with other foods? (2) Can it be cut in regular pieces or is it so broken that it must be chopped or ground? (3) Is it moist enough to be palatable or must it be served with a sauce? (4) What ways of serving it will be best? Once you have made these decisions, you will be ready to make the best use of your leftovers.

Note "Casserole Recipes" by Rhea H. Gardner, page 534, in this issue of the *Magazine*.

Literature—Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 2—Shakespeare's World

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948)

For Tuesday, November 20, 1956

Objective: To present the customs, beliefs, and conflicts of Shakespeare's life and world, which were ready to be given harmony and artistic form by his emerging genius.*

Ripeness is all.

King Lear, V, 2. 2

THE late Elizabethan period is probably the richest in all English literature, primarily because Shakespeare and his fellow-dramatists stated in such glowing words the conflicts, hopes, and fears of their most exciting age. During preceding decades and centuries the theater itself had been molded into the magnificent art-form which was ready for Shakespeare's guiding hand. Under his touch it flowered into one of man's most powerful devices for communicating his inner self.

If Elizabethan man had had no burning inner struggle or dream, the theater, polished and poetic though it may have been, would have lacked material of sufficient stature, since the essence of great drama must be great conflict. The time was ripe for the emergence of some great spokesman for the English soul. The theater was ripe. Also ripe were the great themes it was to celebrate: reason vs. intuition, superstition vs. learning, religion vs. science, puritan vs. pleasure-seeker, monarchy vs. rebels, ani-

*Note to Class Leaders: In order to understand the writings of Shakespeare better, this lesson explains briefly in two sections: "The Ordered Universe," and "Conflicting Doctrines to 'Ordered Universe'"—different beliefs in vogue at the time of Shakespeare. It is not intended that this material be considered in greater detail than it is presented in the lesson.

mal man vs. angelic man, good vs. evil, selfishness vs. selflessness, individuality vs. tradition, order vs. chaos. But in order to understand why the Elizabethan air was so heavily charged with conflict, we must first examine the traditional belief of the "ordered universe," and the threats emerging to challenge this belief.

The Ordered Universe

Throughout the Middle Ages one of the unquestioned commonplaces had been Aristotle's viewpoint that "God and nature create nothing that has not its use." The general belief was that God's over-all purpose in creating all nature and the universe was to glorify himself, and that the best way to glorify him was to know him. It was believed this could best be accomplished by studying the two great books which God had given man for this very purpose, "the Bible, and the book of the universal order of things, or of nature," as Ramon Sabunde wrote in his *Natural Theology*, about 1425. Central to both the natural and the divine orders, indeed the bridge between the two, was man who, by his own free will, could make of himself either angel or beast. And as man was created to serve God, so all nature was created to serve man.

According to this belief, man, then, created in the image of God was key to the entire universe; indeed, man was but a tiny model of the universe. Man must be studied and known, as must every phase of nature. Since God is perfect, so must man and nature be perfect, both in themselves and in their inter-relationship. To know perfection, therefore, God's perfect works must be studied.

This "ordered universe" also governed nations and men as well. The "Primary Law of Nature" instilled in man various lesser laws which he must obey: to worship God; to obey parents and civil government; to rear and educate children; to give equal liberty to all; and to hurt no man. The same natural law considered kings the rightful rulers of England, since a king was servant of the greater law which reigned above. Within the English commonwealth were recognized four orders of men, each self-contained and content to abide by his own law; namely, gentleman, citizen, yeoman, and laborer.

Three levels of order—man, the civil body or state, and the universe—were all believed to be inter-related, and that the law could not be broken in one realm without causing chaos in the other two. Because they thought the movements of the planets governed the lives of men, astrology was not considered black magic, but as an established revelation of the will of God. Ulysses stated the concept in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*:

> The heavens themselves, the planets and this center,
> Observe degree, priority, and place . . . .
> But when the planets
> In evil mixture to disorder wander,
> What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,
> What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,
> Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, horrors,
> Divert and crack, rend and deracinate,
> The unity and married calm of states
> Quite from their fixture! Oh, when degree is shaked,
> Which is the ladder to all high designs,
> The enterprise is sick! . . . .

A Perry Picture Copyright 1901

SHAKESPEARE'S HOME, STRATFORD-ON-AVON, ENGLAND

Take but degree away, untune that string,
And hark, what discord follows! . . . .
I. 3. 85ff.

In this ordered view man was perfect and all the universe, too, if man but kept his station and obeyed nature's law.

Conflicting Doctrines to "Ordered Universe"

A contrasting doctrine had appeared with John Calvin's *Institutes of Christian Religion*, published in 1536, perhaps the most influential book of the Protestant movement. Calvin stated that, because of Adam's fall, man was "a shapeless ruin, partly ruined, partly corrupted . . ." whose will did not perish but "was so enslaved by depraved lusts as to be incapable of one righteous desire." Thus in Adam's fall the order of nature was reversed, and so the body ruled the soul. Since man was considered fallen creature, nature was no longer to serve him; instead, the elements, beasts, birds, and plants, were now ready to *offend* him.

Here we see the basic conflict in the nature of man, one which all Elizabethans felt and knew. On the one hand, man was thought of as perfection and the center of the universe; on the other hand he was a corrupted animal, ruled by his own appetites, living on a vile planet. But, even though fallen, man was so important that the Son of God came to earth to save him, and man could maintain order by fulfilling God's principles of grace and redemption.

But while the Elizabethans were aware of their "ordered existence," they were forced with increasing urgency to acknowledge four threats to it. (1) Copernicus (1473-1543) had dared suggest that the sun, not the earth, was the center

of the universe, a view later substantiated by Galileo (1564-1642) who, with the first telescope, found rough craters on the moon, thus proving that, at least, some celestial spheres were not perfect orbs. (2) The Italian Machiavelli's most bitterly hated book, *The Prince* (1513) had defied the concept of a just, God-governed order for people by naming, instead, self-interest, craftiness, power, fear, and unscrupulousness as the actual tools which every sovereign used to insure his personal dominance. (3) The French satirist Montaigne's *Essays* (1580) had presented man as lower than the animals, since, unlike man, animals never waged organized warfare against their own kind. (4) Even more devastating had been the well-known writings of Francis Bacon (1561-1626) who had never attacked the concept of an "ordered universe": he had ignored it. He had held it to be man's duty to separate scientific from religious or moral knowledge. Instead of conjecturing about intangible mysteries, he believed it was man's duty to learn the secrets of the natural world about him, that he might put them to use for his own benefit. (For much of the preceding discussion I am deeply indebted to Theodore Spencer's excellent work, *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man*, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1943, pp. 30-44.)

In addition to these intellectual and scientific forces, Protestantism itself preached the new and stern doctrine that, henceforth, no intercessor or middleman was to stand between man and God; now man must be responsible for his own actions. This religious independence was as basic to the Elizabethan age as was the emerging political liberty, and was as eagerly sought.

Whenever men have shared their mutual hopes, fears, joys, and hungers, then they have most nearly become brothers. How fully the Elizabethans predicted modern man in their own great hunger to hear their own thoughts expressed in words! Shakespeare, then, through the Elizabethan stage, fulfilled this hunger, thus linking together men of that time, and of all time henceforth. These great conflicts in the religious, philosophical, and scientific beliefs of the Elizabethans were bound to have their influences on the writings of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare's Life

Shakespeare was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon, a rural metropolis some eighty miles west and north of London. His parents were solid, middle-class people, his father a glove maker who was, at one time, mayor. His mother was the daughter of a local farming family rich in lands. Shakespeare must have attended the local grammar school, which had Oxford graduates as headmasters, and which gave him a solid acquaintance with important books, notably the Bible and the Greek classics. Actual proofs of how he spent his early years are sparse, but we do have record of his marrying Anne Hathaway when he was in his eighteenth year, she in her twenty-sixth.

Some four years later he went to London, leaving his wife and three children in Stratford. By 1592, when he was twenty-eight, he had established in London a reputation as an actor and outstanding playwright. It is not known why his

wife remained in Stratford during the next twenty years, but it is known that, not too many years after Shakespeare left Stratford, the local Puritans became sufficiently strong to pass an ordinance forbidding the performance of any plays.

In London Shakespeare prospered. He became part owner of a playhouse, The Globe, and wrote all the plays for a company of actors who stayed together for two decades, and, under James I, came to be known as "The King's Men." During his life there he wrote thirty-six or thirty-seven plays, a sequence of sonnets, and two long poems. He invested his money in the second largest house in Stratford, bought the tithes of the local parish as an investment, and was one of the wealthiest landowners in the district. In 1611, after writing his final play, the highly successful *The Tempest*, he retired to Stratford, where he lived the life of a respected country gentleman until his death in 1616. His detailed will directed most of his property and lands to be given to his daughters and sister. He left money to several friends in Stratford and to actor-friends in London to buy memorial rings, and to his wife he bequeathed his second-best bed, a sign neither of bitterness nor of affection since she was entitled to one-third of all his property and use of the house as long as she lived. To us, the most interesting part of his will, as it reveals Shakespeare's belief, reads as follows:

> I commend my soul into the hands of God my creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting. (Burgess: *The Bible in Shakespeare*, page 113).

Shakespeare's London

"The spacious times of the great Elizabeth" were in Elizabethans' hearts and on their backs, not in their physical London. Roads were little more than mudbogs, and the recently invented carriages were so awkward and rough that most people still travelled horseback — that is, if they travelled at all. Less than a mile square and still surrounded by its medieval wall, London bulged with about 200,000 people living in crowded, squalid quarters, with great noise from carts, wagons, coopers, potmakers, and shopkeepers rushing forth constantly yelling, "What do ye lack?" On the streets everywhere hawkers chanted, "Small coals!" or "Hot peas!" or "Hot, fine oatcakes!" Porters sweated under their burdens in the narrow, crooked streets choked with filth, while open sewers, which were constantly a hazard to travel, carried off the garbage and refuse left in the streets until it rained (though human waste was carried off to sea in barges). No one bathed, but the rich used perfume to sweeten their persons, even as scents were used in homes to counteract the smell of mildewed, rotting rushes which were used as floor coverings. Rats and vermin bred freely in the large slums, and the plague was an annual summer visitor. If, during the hot, damp plague season more than thirty persons died in a week, the playhouses were closed temporarily, and, for at least two summers in Shakespeare's time, the plague forced the closing of the playhouses during the entire season.

The centers of trade, gossip, and community life in the city were the innumerable taverns and the more

A Perry Picture Copyright 1908

INTERIOR, ANNE HATHAWAY COTTAGE

than one hundred churches, since there were no newspapers or public gatherings other than church meetings and entertainments. The entertainments such as cock-fighting, bull and bear-baiting, cards and dicing, and plays had been outlawed by London's "puritanical" city council. But, nonetheless, all were licensed over the city council's heads by "Good Queen Bess," who sensed the growing independence of her subjects and the influence French and Italian fashions had had upon the many English noblemen, merchants, foot-soldiers, and sailors who had travelled the continent. She felt that her subjects deserved the right to entertain themselves, and that the crown should make a profit on such activities. True daughter of the Renaissance that she was, she loved music and dancing, and constantly defended play production on the grounds that where else could actors keep in practice for her royal command in her palaces at regular intervals, particularly during the Christmas season?

In 1485 thirty years of civil war had ended, and the Tudor line of kings, climaxed by Henry VIII, had built a strong, unified England; but the fear of anarchy and mob rule was ever in English hearts. The English defeated their great enemy, Spain, by sinking her Armada in 1588, but a more successful Spanish invasion was forever imminent and greatly feared. Drake and Hawkins pillaged the Spanish Main, while other daring Englishmen sank a Spanish fleet in the Bay of Cadiz and then sacked and burned the city. During Shakespeare's lifetime England was ever at war, first with Spain, then France, then Ireland.

Before the Elizabethan era fur-

ther independence had come to Englishmen who became freed from domination of the Roman Pope when, in 1534, Henry VIII had created the Church of England, with himself at the head. The printing press had put the English Bible into all men's hands, and books, which became increasingly common, were read, not for pleasure or amusement, but as the main source of finding out the how and why of the "brave new world" everywhere unfolding in wonder and vigor about their dreaming, almost giddy heads. And presiding over all, loved for her gentleness, her strength, and her balanced wisdom, was Queen Elizabeth, (1533-1603), confidently leading her people and personifying the qualities they held most dear.

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage . . . and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming-on, leaving their wits with their wives. And then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils (*Henry V*, III. 7. 150-162).

Thus Shakespeare in his plays proved his intimate knowledge of his fellow countrymen. His great success was not by chance, since he knew so well what they loved and hated. The Elizabethan Englishman was intensely patriotic, dressed most lavishly, loved display of words, action, dress, music, and dance. He loved rough sports: gambling, bull-and-bear baiting, and, above all, the drama. He was coarse and brutal, and loved to witness hangings, of which it is said more than three hundred took place each year in London alone. Young men brawled in the streets day and night, hardly considering themselves "men" until they bore the scars of swordplay. At night London was a terror to the honest and older people. With no police force, citizens were appointed as constables, but their hearts were not in it, and gangs of rogues, rowdies, and thieves roamed the night city at will.

The Maturing Shakespeare

While the young Shakespeare made it his business to give in his plays what London wanted, we can still trace his maturing by his growing contempt and hatred for brutality, indecency, infidelity, coarseness, and any taint of uncleanliness. Nor were these the only qualities of his mind: constancy, bravery, courage, loyalty, love in the home, he esteemed; while cowardice, cruelty, usury, slavery, hypocrisy, he roundly condemned.

And so we see this gallant definer and defender of our heritage strenuously at crossfire — with himself, his world, his past, and his future. He was the typical Elizabethan mind and heart. Thus, for the Elizabethan age, man was potentially an angel, yet rotting in his grave; sensitive to the most ornamental poetry and loving vocal music so fully that everyone could "bear his part," yet hungry for gory spectacle in theater, war, and tortures both animal and human; patriotic to the core, yet extremely touchy of individual rights and wary of exploitation or slavery; hungry for facts, for practical knowledge, yet still believing "there might be something in" ghosts, witches, and superstition; eager for personal wealth, yet indifferent to, if not disdainful of the suffering poor forever surrounding

him — the list might be extended, even swollen, almost to infinity. These traits are those of adolescence. The young in heart have ever felt the appeal of spectacle, speech, sparkle, and spirit. Particularly in the first half of his career Shakespeare wrote to young audiences, of young audiences. Actually, he wrote of a young nation to a young nation — one which has never been bounded by time, for the young in heart are always with us.

The Elizabethan age was youth, incorporating within itself all its inner fears, insecurities, grandiose dreams, weaknesses and hopes. And, just as surely, Shakespeare was mouth, and heart, yes, soul, for this most sparkling, hectic age.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. How do the hopes and conflicts of Shakespeare's England predict those of our day?

2. Why were Elizabethans so hungry for drama? What great needs did Shakespeare's plays fill for his contemporaries?

3. Discuss Shakespeare's being both "country lad" and "city slicker" as preparation for his becoming the universal playwright.

4. In view of London's squalor and brutality, how can you justify calling the Elizabethan age one of spaciousness and nobility?

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 2—A New Day for Women

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, November 27, 1956

Objective: To show that the organization of the Relief Society marked the beginning of a new era for women.

THE organization of the Relief Society by the Prophet Joseph Smith came at a time when the status of women was limited legally, socially, and economically. It was significant because it recognized women as responsible adults and heralded the beginning of a series of events which elevated women to their present position.

Today's women enjoy blessings and opportunities not afforded their sisters in 1842. The restoration of the gospel brought clearly into focus the worth of each soul in the eyes of God. The teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith to the women of the Church were consistent with this concept. Nevertheless, they embodied a different attitude towards women from the one that was at that time generally accepted. An analysis of the limited status of women generally, at the time of the organization of the Relief Society, brings into sharp contrast some of the rights and privileges women now take for granted.

Legal Status of Women in 1842

Married women of the 19th Century, particularly in the first half, had little recognition, as individuals, in the legal sense. The early basic law of all states, except Louisiana, had its origin in the English common law. The common law is said to:

. . . comprise the body of those principles and rules of action . . . which derive their authority solely from usages and customs of immemorial antiquity, or from the judgments and decrees of the courts recognizing, affirming, and enforcing such usages and customs, and in this sense particularly the ancient unwritten law of England (I Kent Commentaries 492).

In the United States it is that body of rules and principles as established and determined in England at the time the various states adopted it. Many of its principles have been changed by statutes and constitutional provisions in the various states, but, except as it has been changed, it is the law today. As we study the common law we should recognize that only broad principles are here treated and that minor variations possibly existed in some states.

An *unmarried* woman at common law had capacity to contract and perform other legal acts, equal to that of a man. When she married, her position as a separate, "competent" individual disappeared, and she was reduced to the legal capacity of "slaves, idiots and infants." In theory, when a man and woman married, they became one person and that person was the husband. The entire legal existence of the wife merged into that of her husband.

In her own capacity, a married woman could not, with validity, (1) sign a contract, deed, note or check; (2) acquire or dispose of property without the consent of her husband; or (3) sue or be sued. All personal property of the wife, whether acquired before or during marriage, became that of her husband. *Personal property* is generally property of a personal or movable nature such as money, jewelry, furniture, etc., as opposed to *real property*, such as land, which is of an immovable character. A husband was in the position, legally, of being unable to give his wife a present, since while attempting it he simultaneously vested himself with its title. Upon death, the husband's personal property (including that acquired from his wife), generally went to his estate. She was permitted to keep her "paraphernalia" which included articles of wearing apparel, and personal ornaments, suitable to her rank and degree, but even these, except her clothing, could be taken to satisfy her husband's debts.

Similar harsh rules were applied to the wife's real estate. That acquired prior to her marriage became subject to her husband's wishes. He could sell or mortgage without her consent. He was entitled to the rents and crops from her land and had no duty to account to her for money received, since it was his money. Real property acquired by the wife before her marriage, not sold by the husband, went to her upon his death.

If the wife were employed to act as a midwife, as a seamstress, or in any other capacity, her husband was entitled to her pay. A New Hampshire judge in 1830 described another aspect of the common law when he said the wife:

. . . was considered to be so entirely under the power of the husband, that she could, in no case, make what in propriety of speech is called a will (Marston Vs. Norton, Superior Court of New Hampshire, 5 N. H. 205).

A mother's right to her children was inferior to that of her husband and is illustrated by a decision of the New York Supreme Court in 1842:

> The question then is, which of these parents, the father or the mother, has the best title to the custody of the child? The opinion of the court has been repeatedly expressed, that by the law of the land the claims of the father are superior to those of the mother (Mercein Vs. The People ex rel. Barry, 3 Hill (N. Y.) 399).

In that day women were not given the privilege of voting in political elections, a right now cherished by all freedom-loving people. Until recent years, a woman who had citizenship status before her marriage, lost it upon marriage to an alien.

Other Problems of the Day

There were other problems and conditions facing the women of the Prophet's day: the ever-present disease, infant mortality, the absence of educational opportunities, the short life span, and extremely poor working conditions for women who worked. Few labor saving devices were known to them. Great physical exertion was generally required of them in their homes. Widespread suffering existed in the country as a result of an economic depression. Public charity was then limited to poorly organized efforts which were meeting only a fraction of the need. Those in need were often treated as criminals.

Latter-day Saint women of this period were considered, in the eyes of the law, as having a status and capacity similar to that of other women. The conditions they faced were not unlike those of other women. However, they had blessings not enjoyed outside their circle and problems uniquely their own. The early history of the Church is full of episodes in which superior women suffered abuses of all kinds from enemies of the Church and were constantly facing an uncertain future. Always there were skeptics who ridiculed their belief in the divine origin of the Church and the revealed principles of the gospel. Some were subjected to the grossest of indignities. Many stood by while their husbands were cruelly treated by ruthless mobs.

The Changing Trend

From our vantage point in history, in looking back to the plight of early 19th Century women, we wonder why men and women advocating principles of fair play didn't literally rise up and demand that something be done. The present rights of women came only after a long series of events directed against the unreasonable restrictions of the common law. At first only small voices were heard to object, and those not in concert. Later, as the chorus against the injustices grew, one by one the discriminating provisions disappeared.

The organization of the Relief Society was at the very beginning of a trend of legislative, judicial, and other significant changes which gave to married women a status as *individuals* and by which they were liberated from the harsh and often cruel dogmas of the common law. It recognized women as capable, responsible adults. The teachings of Joseph Smith concerning their role in community betterment, self-

improvement, and service to others, significantly enlarged women's sphere.

Today, most of the injustices of the common law are gone. Their removal was a victory for equitable principles. The changes were made by men who curtailed their own interests and rights through an appeal to their sense of justice. In the last half of the 19th Century organized effort brought results for those seeking a more enlightened attitude for women. The rights of women became a frequent subject of discussion and the names of Lucy Stone and Susan B. Anthony, great leaders in the cause, became invitations for debate. At the wedding of Lucy Stone and Henry Blackwell, a statement was read suggesting how strong they felt about the status of women. (Henry Blackwell became distinguished in the movement to abolish slavery.) The wedding statement, in part, reads as follows:

> While we acknowledge our mutual affection by publicly assuming the relationship of husband and wife, yet, in justice to ourselves and a great principle, we deem it a duty to declare that this act on our part implies no sanction of, nor promise of voluntary obedience to, such of the present laws of marriage as refuse to recognize the wife as an independent, rational being, while they confer upon the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority, investing him with legal powers which no honorable man would exercise, and which no man should possess (*Lucy Stone, Pioneer of Woman's Rights*, page 165).

Following the above they then enumerated their specific objections.

The National Woman's Suffrage Association was organized in 1868. Starting in Illinois in 1861, when the first "Married Women's Act" was passed, a series of statutes and constitutional provisions were enacted, by which the common law restrictions upon the right of married women to contract, sue and be sued, acquire, hold and convey property in their own right, were removed. The right to vote was given to women in this country only in recent times, the 19th Amendment to the U. S. Constitution having been ratified on August 26, 1920. Latter-day Saint women, who significantly have always enjoyed an ecclesiastical voting privilege, enjoyed political suffrage rights as early as 1847, when Utah was still Mexican Territory. The right to vote conferred by a state or territory was actually first exercised by Utah women in February 1870.

> Because of their political experiences and their privileges locally, the women of Utah became active supporters and effective, conspicuous figures in the National Woman Suffrage movement, and sent delegates regularly to the National Suffrage Conventions to lend support to this great cause (*A Centenary of Relief Society*, 1942, page 67).

President Brigham Young was aware of the influence of our women when he said on one occasion:

> Now, sisters, I want you to vote, because you are the characters that rule the ballot box (Widtsoe, John A.: *Priesthood and Church Government*, page 87).

Not only have the legal and political rights of women been extended but women today are achieving recognition in most fields of human activity.

Superior Rights of Married Women Today

In many respects, married women

Sacred Three Part Choruses for Ladies Voices

..... HOLY, LORD GOD—Cain ..... .18
..... HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS—Liddle ..... .18
..... IF CHRIST CAME BACK—O'Hara.. .20
..... IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS—Madsen ..... .20
..... IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING (SSAA)—Costa ..... .18
..... LORD IS MY LIGHT—Allitsen ..... .20
..... LORD'S PRAYER—Malotte ..... .25
..... OPEN OUR EYES, O LORD—Hamblen ..... .20
..... PRAYER FOR SERVICE—Gaul ..... .20
..... TEACH ME, O LORD—Hamblen .... .20
..... THY BLESSING ON THIS HOUSE, DEAR LORD—Madsen ..... .20
..... TWENTY-THIRD PSALM—Schubert .25

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of today have superior rights to those of married men. For instance, in some states a married women is vested with a right to one-third of all property owned by her husband during the marriage, but the husband does not have a corresponding interest in his wife's property. A wife, in these states, can convey her property without her husband's concurrence. It is not so with the husband, whose wife must join in his conveyances. Most states now give women, by statute, a preferential right to the custody of children in divorce cases.

It is not the purpose of this lesson to suggest that there is or should be absolute equality between men and women. As we study the role of women in the Church, in succeeding lessons, it will be apparent that men and women are each important in the eyes of our Heavenly Father. Their assignments are so distinct and different it is obvious that neither occupies an inferior position to the other.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow seemed to have some understanding of the relationship and interdependence of man and woman when he wrote in "The Song of Hiawatha":

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows;
Useless each without the other!

The Gospel Plan is designed to stimulate the individual in personal attainment. The Prophet Joseph Smith, in his inspirational talks to the Relief Society, set forth in detail how the women of the Church, through service and obedience, might attain the choicest blessings

of our Heavenly Father. Some of those teachings, suggesting ways by which women may grow in faith and perfection in God's kingdom will be discussed in future months. True Latter-day Saint women, grateful for their heritage, fully aware of their status in an enlightened society, are eager to learn of their responsibilities for service to their families, their communities, and their God.

Supplementary Reference

1. "The Greatness of Relief Society"—President Belle S. Spafford, *Relief Society Magazine*, November 1954, page 716.

Questions for Discussion

1. Describe the legal status of women as it existed under the common law in 1842.
2. Discuss other social problems confronting women of the early 19th Century.
3. Discuss some of the movements of the 19th Century which attempted to change the status of women.
4. Contrast present-day privileges of women with opportunities of the early 19th Century.
5. Discuss the Prophet's foresight and vision in behalf of women in the light of his day. Discuss other reformers who made great contributions.

I Need the Stars

Grace Barker Wilson

My soul yearns for wide spaces
Uninhabited.
I need not human faces,
But, instead,
The face of lofty upland
In morning sun;
Or glow on desert's gray sand
When day is done.

My normal life goes drifting
To earthly bars;
But for my soul's uplifting
I need the stars.

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And some roam aimlessly like one
Absorbed in memory.
Some look neat, clean, prim, and tidy,
White and scrubbed, each board in place.
Others sag dilapidated,
Bowed and cowed, bent with disgrace.
Some formidable, unfriendly,
Guarding vast estates with pride,
But without a squeaking, swinging
Gate that some wee tot could ride.
Best of all, I like the fat ones,
Fat with robins, girls and boys;
Those not built to fence out friendship,
But to fence in homely joys.

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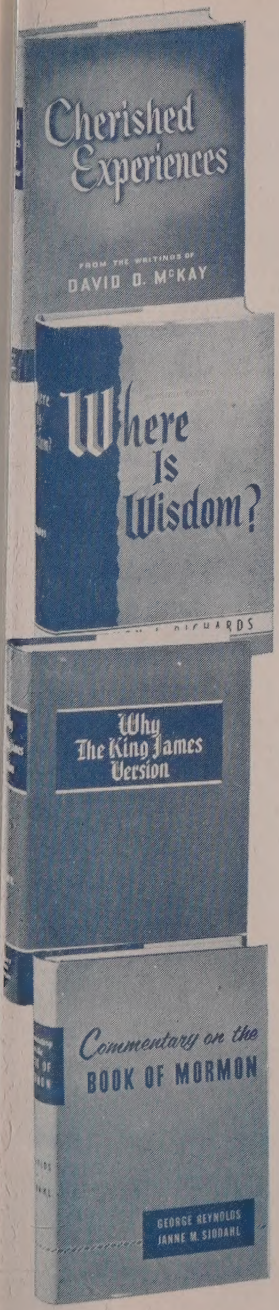

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